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Philip.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN THE DEPARTMENTS OF SEINE, LOIRE, AND STYX (INFÉRIEUR).



UR dear friend Mrs. Baynes was suffering under the influence of one of those panics which sometimes seized her, and during which she remained her husband's most obedient Eliza and vassal. When Baynes wore a certain expression of countenance, we have said that his wife knew resistance to be useless. That expression, I suppose, he assumed, when he announced Charlotte's departure to her mother, and ordered Mrs. General Baynes to make the necessary preparations for the girl. "She might stay some time with her aunt," Baynes stated. "A change of air would do the child a great deal of good. Let everything necessary in the shape of hats, bonnets, winter clothes, and so forth, be got ready." "Was Char, then, to stay away so long?" asked Mrs. B. "She has been so happy here that you want to keep her, and fancy she can't be happy without you!" I

can fancy the general grimly replying to the partner of his existence. Hanging down her withered head, with a tear mayhap trickling down her cheek, I can fancy the old woman silently departing to do the bidding of her lord. She selects a trunk out of the store of Baynes's baggage. A young lady's trunk was a trunk in those days. Now it is a two or three

storied edifice of wood, in which two or three full-grown bodies of young ladies (without crinoline) might be packed. I saw a little old country-woman at the Folkestone station last year with her travelling baggage contained in a band-box tied up in an old cotton handkerchief hanging on her arm; and she surveyed Lady Knightsbridge's twenty-three black trunks, each well nigh as large as her ladyship's opera-box. Before these great edifices that old woman stood wondering dumbly. That old lady and I had lived in a time when crinoline was not; and yet, I think, women looked even prettier in that time than they do now. Well, a trunk and a band-box were fetched out of the baggage heap for little Charlotte, and I daresay her little brothers jumped and danced on the box with much energy to make the lid shut, and the general brought out his hammer and nails, and nailed a card on the box with "Mademoiselle Baynes" thereon printed. And mamma had to look on and witness those preparations. And Hely Walsingham had called; and he wouldn't call again, she knew; and that fair chance for the establishment of her child was lost by the obstinacy of her self-willed, reckless husband. That woman had to water her soup with her furtive tears, to sit of nights behind hearts and spades, and brood over her crushed hopes. If I contemplate that wretched old Niobe much longer, I shall begin to pity her. Away softness! Take out thy arrows, the poisoned, the barbed, the rankling, and prod me the old creature well, god of the silver bow! Eliza Baynes had to look on, then, and see the trunks packed; to see her own authority over her own daughter wrested away from her; to see the undutiful girl prepare with perfect delight and alacrity to go away, without feeling a pang at leaving a mother who had nursed her through adverse illnesses, who had scolded her for seventeen years.

The general accompanied the party to the diligence office. Little Char was very pale and melancholy indeed when she took her place in the coupé. "She should have a corner: she had been ill, and ought to have a corner," uncle Mac said, and cheerfully consented to be bodkin. Our three special friends are seated. The other passengers clamber into their places. Away goes the clattering team, as the general waves an adieu to his friends. "Monstrous fine horses those grey Normans; famous breed, indeed," he remarks to his wife on his return.

"Indeed," she echoes. "Pray, in what part of the carriage was Mr. Firmin," she presently asks.

"In no part of the carriage at all!" Baynes answers fiercely, turning beet-root red. And thus, though she had been silent, obedient, hanging her head, the woman showed that she was aware of her master's schemes, and why her girl had been taken away. She knew; but she was beaten. It remained for her but to be silent and bow her head. I daresay she did not sleep one wink that night. She followed the diligence in its journey. "Char is gone," she thought. "Yes; in due time he will take from me the obedience of my other children, and tear them out of my lap." He—that is, the general—was sleeping meanwhile. He had had

in the last few days four awful battles—with his child, with his friends, with his wife—in which latter combat he had been conqueror. No wonder Baynes was tired, and needed rest. Any one of those engagements was enough to weary the veteran.

If we take the liberty of looking into double-bedded rooms, and peering into the thoughts which are passing under private nightcaps, may we not examine the coupé of a jingling diligence with an open window, in which a young lady sits wide awake by the side of her uncle and aunt? These perhaps are asleep; but she is not. Ah! she is thinking of another journey! that blissful one from Boulogne, when *he* was there yonder in the imperial, by the side of the conductor. When the MacWhirter party had come to the diligence office, how her little heart had beat! How she had looked under the lamps at all the people lounging about the court! How she had listened when the clerk called out the names of the passengers; and, mercy, what a fright she had been in, lest he should be there after all, while she stood yet leaning on her father's arm! But there was no—well, names, I think, need scarcely be mentioned. There was no sign of the individual in question. Papa kissed her, and sadly said good-by. Good Madame Smolensk came with an adieu and an embrace for her dear Miss, and whispered, "*Courage, mon enfant,*" and then said, "Hold, I have brought you some bonbons." There they were in a little packet. Little Charlotte put the packet into her little basket. Away goes the diligence, but the individual had made no sign.

Away goes the diligence; and every now and then Charlotte feels the little packet in her little basket. What does it contain—oh, what? If Charlotte could but read with her heart, she would see in that little packet—the sweetest bonbon of all perhaps it might be, or ah me! the bitterest almond! Through the night goes the diligence, passing relay after relay. Uncle Mac sleeps. I think I have said he snored. Aunt Mac is quite silent, and Char sits plaintively with her lonely thoughts and her bonbons, as miles, hours, relays pass.

"*These ladies, will they descend and take a cup of coffee, a cup of bouillon?*" at last cries a waiter at the coupé door, as the carriage stops in Orleans. "By all means a cup of coffee," says Aunt Mac. "The little Orleans wine is good," cries Uncle Mac. "Descendons!" "This way, madame," says the waiter. "Charlotte, my love, some coffee?"

"I will—I will stay in the carriage. I don't want any thing, thank you," says Miss Charlotte. And the instant her relations are gone, entering the gate of the Lion Noir, where, you know, are the Bureaux des Messageries, Lafitte, Caillard et C^{ie}—I say, on the very instant when her relations have disappeared, what do you think Miss Charlotte does?

She opens that packet of bonbons with fingers that tremble—tremble so, I wonder how she could undo the knot of the string (or do you think she had untied that knot under her shawl in the dark? I can't say. We never shall know). Well; she opens the packet. She does not care one fig for the lollipops, almonds, and so forth. She pounces on a little scrap

of paper, and is going to read it by the lights of the steaming stable lanterns, when —— oh, what made her start so? ——

In those old days there used to be two diligences which travelled nightly to Tours, setting out at the same hour, and stopping at almost the same relays. The diligence of Lafitte and Caillard supped at the Lion Noir at Orleans—the diligence of the Messageries Royales stopped at the Ecu de France, hard by.

Well, as the Messageries Royales are supping at the Ecu de France, a passenger strolls over from that coach, and strolls and strolls until he comes to the coach of Lafitte, Caillard, and Company, and to the coupé window where Miss Baynes is trying to decipher her bonbon.

He comes up—and as the night-lamps fall on his face and beard—his rosy face, his yellow beard—oh!——What means that scream of the young lady in the coupé of Lafitte, Caillard et Compagnie! I declare she has dropped the letter which she was about to read. It has dropped into a pool of mud under the diligence off fore-wheel. And he with the yellow beard, and a sweet happy laugh, and a tremble in his deep voice, says, "You need not read it. It was only to tell you what you know."

Then the coupé window says, "Oh, Philip! Oh, my——"

My what? You cannot hear the words, because the grey Norman horses come squeeling and clattering up to their coach-pole with such accompanying cries and imprecations from the horsekeepers and postilions, that no wonder the little warble is lost. It was not intended for you and me to hear; but perhaps you can guess the purport of the words. Perhaps in quite old, old days, you may remember having heard such little whispers, in a time when the song-birds in your grove carolled that kind of song very pleasantly and freely. But this, my good madam, is a February number. The birds are gone: the branches are bare: the gardener has actually swept the leaves off the walks: and the whole affair is an affair of a past year, you understand. Well! *carpe diem, fugit hora*, &c. &c. There, for one minute, for two minutes, stands Philip over the diligence off fore-wheel, talking to Charlotte at the window, and their heads are quite close—quite close. What are those two pairs of lips warbling, whispering? "Hi! Gare! Ohé!" The horsekeepers, I say, quite prevent you from hearing; and here come the passengers out of the Lion Noir, Aunt Mac still munching a great slice of bread-and-butter. Charlotte is quite comfortable, and does not want anything, dear Aunt, thank you. I hope she nestles in her corner, and has a sweet slumber. On the journey the twin diligences pass and repass each other. Perhaps Charlotte looks out of her window sometimes and towards the other carriage. I don't know. It is a long time ago. What used you to do in old days, ere railroads were, and when diligences ran? They were slow enough: but they have got to their journey's end somehow. They were tight, hot, dusty, dear, stuffy, and uncomfortable; but, for all that, travelling was good sport sometimes. And if the world would have the kindness to go back for five-and-twenty or thirty years, some of us who have travelled on the Tours

and Orleans Railway very comfortably would like to take the diligence journey now.

Having myself seen the city of Tours only last year, of course I don't remember much about it. A man remembers boyhood, and the first sight of Calais, and so forth. But after much travel or converse with the world, to see a new town is to be introduced to Jones. He is like Brown; he is not unlike Smith. In a little while you hash him up with Thompson. I dare not be particular, then, regarding Mr. Firmin's life at Tours, lest I should make topographical errors, for which the critical schoolmaster would justly inflict chastisement. In the last novel I read about Tours, there were blunders from the effect of which you know the wretched author never recovered. It was by one Scott, and had young Quentin Durward for a hero, and Isabel de Croye for a heroine; and she sate in her hostel, and sang, "Ah, County Guy, the hour is nigh." A pretty ballad enough: but what ignorance, my dear sir! What descriptions of Tours, of Liege, are in that fallacious story! Yes, so fallacious and misleading, that I remember I was sorry, not because the description was unlike Tours, but because Tours was unlike the description.

So Quentin Firmin went and put up at the snug little hostel of the Faisan; and Isabel de Baynes took up her abode with her uncle the Sire de MacWhirter; and I believe Master Firmin had no more money in his pocket than the Master Durward whose story the Scottish novelist told some forty years since. And I cannot promise you that our young English adventurer shall marry a noble heiress of vast property, and engage the Boar of Ardennes in a hand-to-hand combat; that sort of Boar, madam, does not appear in our modern drawing-room histories. Of others, not wild, there be plenty. They gore you in clubs. They seize you by the doublet, and pin you against posts in public streets. They run at you in parks. I have seen them sit at bay after dinner, ripping, gashing, tossing, a whole company. These our young adventurer had in good sooth to encounter, as is the case with most knights. Who escapes them? I remember an eminent person talking to me about bores for two hours once. O you stupid eminent person! You never knew that you yourself had tusks, little eyes in your *hure*; a bristly mane to cut into tooth-brushes; and a curly tail! I have a notion that the multitude of bores is enormous in the world. If a man is a bore himself, when he is bored—and you can't deny this statement—then what am I, what are you, what your father, grandfather, son—all your amiable acquaintance, in a word? Of this I am sure. Major and Mrs. MacWhirter were not brilliant in conversation. What would you and I do, or say, if we listen to the tittle-tattle of Tours. How the clergyman was certainly too fond of cards, and going to the café; how the dinners those Popjoys gave were too absurdly ostentatious; and Popjoy, we know, in the Bench last year. How Mrs. Flights, going on with that Major of French Carabiniers, was really too &c. &c. "How could I endure those people?" Philip would ask himself, when talking of that personage in

after days, as he loved, and loves to do. "How could I endure them, I say? Mac was a good man; but I knew secretly in my heart, sir, that he was a bore. Well: I loved him. I liked his old stories. I liked his bad old dinners: there is a very comfortable Touraine wine, by the way: a very warming little wine, sir. Mrs. Mac you never saw, my good Mrs. Pendennis. Be sure of this, you never would have liked her. Well, I did. I liked her house, though it was damp, in a damp garden, frequented by dull people. I should like to go and see that old house now. I am perfectly happy with my wife, but I sometimes go away from her to enjoy the luxury of living over our old days again. With nothing in the world but an allowance which was precarious, and had been spent in advance; with no particular plans for the future, and a few five-franc pieces for the present,—by Jove, sir, how did I dare to be so happy? What idiots we were, my love, to be happy at all! We were mad to marry. Don't tell me: with a purse which didn't contain three months' consumption, would we dare to marry now? We should be put into the mad ward of the workhouse: that would be the only place for us. Talk about trusting in heaven. Stuff and nonsense, ma'am! I have as good a right to go and buy a house in Belgrave Square, and trust to heaven for the payment, as I had to marry when I did. We were paupers, Mrs. Char, and you know that very well!"

"Oh, yes. We were very wrong: very!" says Mrs. Charlotte, looking up to the chandelier of her ceiling (which, by the way, is of very handsome Venetian old glass). "We were very wrong, were not we, my dearest?" And herewith she will begin to kiss and fondle two or more babies that disport in her room—as if two or more babies had anything to do with Philip's argument, that a man has no right to marry who has no pretty well-assured means of keeping a wife.

Here, then, by the banks of Loire, although Philip had but a very few francs in his pocket, and was obliged to keep a sharp look-out on his expenses at the Hotel of the Golden Pheasant, he passed a fortnight of such happiness as I, for my part, wish to all young folks who read his veracious history. Though he was so poor, and ate and drank so modestly in the house, the maids, waiters, the landlady of the Pheasant, were as civil to him—yes, as civil as they were to the gouty old Marchioness of Carabas herself, who stayed here on her way to the south, occupied the grand apartments, quarrelled with her lodging, dinner, breakfast, bread-and-butter in general, insulted the landlady in bad French, and only paid her bill under compulsion. Philip's was a little bill, but he paid it cheerfully. He gave only a small gratuity to the servants, but he was kind and hearty, and they knew he was poor. He was kind and hearty, I suppose, because he was so happy. I have known the gentleman to be by no means civil; and have heard him storm, and hector, and browbeat landlord and waiters, as fiercely as the Marquis of Carabas himself. But now Philip the Bear was the most gentle of bears, because his little Charlotte was leading him.

Away with trouble and doubt, with squeamish pride and gloomy care! Philip had enough money for a fortnight, during which Tom Glazier, of the *Monitor*, promised to supply Philip's letters for the *Pall Mall Gazette*. All the designs of France, Spain, Russia, gave that idle "own correspondent" not the slightest anxiety. In the morning it was Miss Baynes; in the afternoon it was Miss Baynes. At six it was dinner and Charlotte; at nine it was Charlotte and tea. "Anyhow, love-making does not spoil his appetite," Major MacWhirter correctly remarked. Indeed, Philip had a glorious appetite; and health bloomed in Miss Charlotte's cheek, and beamed in her happy little heart. Dr. Firmin, in the height of his practice, never completed a cure more skilfully than that which was performed by Dr. Firmin, junior.

"I ran the thing so close, sir," I remember Philip bawling out, in his usual energetic way, whilst describing this period of his life's greatest happiness to his biographer, "that I came back to Paris outside the diligence, and had not money enough to dine on the road. But I bought a sausage, sir, and a bit of bread—and a brutal sausage it was, sir—and I reached my lodgings with exactly two sous in my pocket." Roger Bontemps himself was not more content than our easy philosopher.

So Philip and Charlotte ratified and sealed a treaty of Tours, which they determined should never be broken by either party. Marry without papa's consent? Oh, never! Marry anybody but Philip? Oh, never—never! Not if she lived to be a hundred, when Philip would in consequence be in his hundred and ninth or tenth year, would this young Joan have any but her present Darby. Aunt Mac, though she may not have been the most accomplished or highly-bred of ladies, was a warm-hearted and affectionate aunt Mac. She caught in a mild form the fever from these young people. She had not much to leave, and Mac's relations would want all *he* could spare when he was gone. But Charlotte should have her garnets, and her teapot, and her India shawl—that she should.* And with many blessings this enthusiastic old lady took leave of her future nephew-in-law when he returned to Paris and duty. Crack your whip, and scream your *hi!* and be off quick, postillion and diligence! I am glad we have taken Mr. Firmin out of that dangerous, lazy, love-making place. Nothing is to me so sweet as sentimental writing. I could have written hundreds of pages describing Philip and Charlotte, Charlotte and Philip. But a stern sense of duty intervenes. My modest Muse puts a finger on her lip, and says, "Hush about that business!" Ah, my worthy friends, you little know what soft-hearted people those cynics are! If you could have come on Diogenes by surprise, I daresay you might have found him reading sentimental novels and whimpering in his tub. Philip

* I am sorry to say that in later days, after Mrs. Major MacWhirter's decease, it was found that she had promised these treasures *in writing* to several members of her husband's family, and that much heart-burning arose in consequence. But our story has nothing to do with these painful disputes.

shall leave his sweetheart and go back to his business, and we will not have one word about tears, promises, raptures, parting. Never mind about these sentimentalities, but please, rather, to depict to yourself our young fellow so poor that when the coach stops for dinner at Orleans he can only afford to purchase a penny loaf and a sausage for his own hungry cheek. When he reached the Hôtel Poussin, with his meagre carpet-bag, they served him a supper which he ate to the admiration of all beholders in the little coffee-room. He was in great spirits and gaiety. He did not care to make any secret of his poverty, and how he had been unable to afford to pay for dinner. Most of the guests at Hôtel Poussin knew what it was to be poor. Often and often they had dined on credit when they put back their napkins into their respective pigeon-holes. But my landlord knew his guests. They were poor men—honest men. They paid him in the end, and each could help his neighbour in a strait.

After Mr. Firmin's return to Paris he did not care for a while to go to the Elysian Fields. They were not Elysian for him, except in Miss Charlotte's company. He resumed his newspaper correspondence, which occupied but a day in each week, and he had the other six—nay, he scribbled on the seventh day likewise, and covered immense sheets of letter-paper with remarks upon all manner of subjects, addressed to a certain Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle Baynes, chez M. le Major Mac &c. On these sheets of paper Mr. Firmin could talk so long, so loudly, so fervently, so eloquently to Miss Baynes, that she was never tired of hearing, or he of holding forth. He began imparting his dreams and his earliest sensations to his beloved before breakfast. At noon-day he gave her his opinion of the contents of the morning papers. His packet was ordinarily full and brimming over by post-time, so that his expressions of love and fidelity leaked from under the cover, or were squeezed into the queerest corners, where, no doubt, it was a delightful task for Miss Baynes to trace out and detect those little Cupids which a faithful lover despatched to her. It would be, "I have found this little corner unoccupied. Do you know what I have to say in it? Oh, Charlotte, I" &c. &c. My sweet young lady, you can guess, or will one day guess, the rest; and will receive such dear, delightful, nonsensical double letters, and will answer them with that elegant propriety which I have no doubt Miss Baynes showed in her replies. Ah! if all who are writing and receiving such letters, or who have written and received such, or who remember writing and receiving such, would order a copy of this month's *Cornhill* from the publishers, what reams, and piles, and pyramids of paper our ink would have to blacken! Not Hoe's engines, gigantic as they are, would be able to turn out Magazines enough for the supply of those gentle readers! Since Charlotte and Philip had been engaged to each other, he had scarcely, except in those dreadful, ghastly days of quarrel, enjoyed the luxury of absence from his soul's blessing—the exquisite delight of writing to her. He could do few things in moderation, this man—and of this delightful privilege of writing to Charlotte he now enjoyed his heart's fill.

After brief enjoyment of the weeks of this rapture, when winter was come on Paris, and icicles hung on the bough, how did it happen that one day, two days, three days passed, and the postman brought no little letter in the well-known little handwriting for Monsieur, Monsieur Philip Firmin, à Paris? Three days, four days, and no letter. Oh, torture, could she be ill? Could her aunt and uncle have turned against her, and forbidden her to write, as her father and mother had done before? Oh, grief, and sorrow, and rage! As for jealousy, our leonine friend never knew such a passion. It never entered into his lordly heart to doubt of his little maiden's love. But still four, five days have passed, and not one word has come from Tours. The little Hôtel Poussin was in a commotion. I have said that when our friend felt any passion very strongly he was sure to speak of it. Did Don Quixote lose any opportunity of declaring to the world that Dulcinea del Toboso was peerless among women? Did not Antar bawl out in battle, "I am the lover of Ibla?" Our knight had taken all the people of the hotel into his confidence somehow. They all knew of his condition—all, the painter, the poet, the half-pay Polish officer, the landlord, the hostess, down to the little knife-boy who used to come in with, "The factor comes off to pass—no letter this morning."

No doubt Philip's political letters became, under this outward pressure, very desponding and gloomy. One day, as he sate gnawing his mustachios at his desk, the little Anatole enters his apartment and cries, "*Tenez, M. Philippe. That lady again!*" And the faithful, the watchful, the active Madame Smolensk once more made her appearance in his chamber.

Philip blushed and hung his head for shame. Ungrateful brute that I am, he thought; I have been back more than a week, and never thought a bit about that good, kind soul who came to my succour. I am an awful egotist. Love is always so."

As he rose up to greet his friend, she looked so grave, and pale, and sad, that he could not but note her demeanour. "*Bon Dieu!* had anything happened?"

"*Ce pauvre général* is ill, very ill, Philip," Smolensk said, in her grave voice.

He was so gravely ill, madame said, that his daughter had been sent for.

"Had she come?" asked Philip, with a start.

"You think but of her—you care not for the poor old man. You are all the same, you men. All egotists—all. Go! I know you! I never knew one that was not," said madame.

Philip has his little faults: perhaps egotism is one of his defects. Perhaps it is yours, or even mine.

"You have been here a week since Thursday last, and you have never written or sent to a woman who loves you well. Go! It was not well, Monsieur Philippe."

As soon as he saw her, Philip felt that he had been neglectful and ungrateful. We have owned so much already. But how should Madame

know that he had returned on Thursday week? When they looked up after her reproof, his eager eyes seemed to ask this question.

"Could she not write to me and tell me that you were come back? Perhaps she knew that you would not do so yourself. A woman's heart teaches her these experiences early," continued the lady, sadly; then she added: "I tell you, you are good-for-nothings, all of you! And I repent me, see you, of having had the *bêtise* to pity you!"

"I shall have my quarter's pay on Saturday. I was coming to you then," said Philip.

"Was it that I was speaking of? What! you are all cowards, men all! Oh, that I have been beast, beast, to think at last I had found a man of heart!"

How much or how often this poor Ariadne had trusted and been forsaken, I have no means of knowing, or desire of inquiring. Perhaps it is as well for the polite reader, who is taken into my entire confidence, that we should not know Madame de Smolensk's history from the first page to the last. Granted that Ariadne was deceived by Theseus: but then she consoled herself, as we may all read in Smith's Dictionary; and then she must have deceived her father in order to run away with Theseus. I suspect—I suspect, I say—that these women who are so very much betrayed, are —— but we are speculating on this French lady's antecedents, when Charlotte, her lover, and her family are the persons with whom we have mainly to do.

These two, I suppose, forgot self, about which each for a moment had been busy, and madame resumed:—"Yes, you have reason; Miss is here. It was time. Hold! Here is a note from her." And Philip's kind messenger once more put a paper into his hands.—

"My dearest father is very, very ill. Oh, Philip! I am so unhappy; and he is so good, and gentle, and kind, and loves me so!"

"It is true," madame resumed. "Before Charlotte came, he thought only of her. When his wife comes up to him, he pushes her away. I have not loved her much, that lady, that is true. But to see her now, it is *navrant*. He will take no medicine from her. He pushes her away. Before Charlotte came, he sent for me, and spoke as well as his poor throat would let him, this poor general! His daughter's arrival seemed to comfort him. But he says, 'Not my wife! not my wife!' And the poor thing has to go away and cry in the chamber at the side. He says—in his French, you know—he has never been well since Charlotte went away. He has often been out. He has dined but rarely at our table, and there has always been a silence between him and Madame la Générale. Last week he had a great inflammation of the chest. Then he took to bed, and Monsieur the Docteur came—the little doctor whom you know. Then a quinsy has declared itself, and he now is scarce able to speak. His condition is most grave. He lies suffering, dying, perhaps—yes, dying, do you hear? And you are thinking of your little school-girl! Men are all the same. Monsters! Go!"

Philip, who, I have said, is very fond of talking about Philip, surveys his own faults with great magnanimity and good humour, and acknowledges them without the least intention to correct them. "How selfish we are!" I can hear him say, looking at himself in the glass. "By George! sir, when I heard simultaneously the news of that poor old man's illness, and of Charlotte's return, I felt that I wanted to see *her* that instant. I must go to her, and speak to her. The old man and his suffering did not seem to affect me. It is humiliating to have to own that we are selfish beasts. But we are, sir—we are brutes, by George! and nothing else."—And he gives a finishing twist to the ends of his flaming mustachios as he surveys them in the glass.

Poor little Charlotte was in such affliction that of course she must have Philip to console her at once. No time was to be lost. Quick! a cab this moment: and, coachman, you shall have an extra for drink if you go quick to the Avenue de Marli! Madame puts herself into the carriage, and as they go along tells Philip more at length of the gloomy occurrences of the last few days. Four days since the poor general was so bad with his quinsy that he thought he should not recover, and Charlotte was sent for. He was a little better on the day of her arrival; but yesterday the inflammation had increased; he could not swallow; he could not speak audibly; he was in very great suffering and danger. He turned away from his wife. The unhappy general's had been to Madame Bunch in her tears and grief, complaining that after twenty years' fidelity and attachment her husband had withdrawn his regard from her. Baynes attributed even his illness to his wife; and at other times said it was a just punishment for his wicked conduct in breaking his word to Philip and Charlotte. If he did not see his dear child again, he must beg her forgiveness for having made her suffer so. He had acted wickedly and ungratefully, and his wife had forced him to do what he did. He prayed that heaven might pardon him. And he had behaved with wicked injustice towards Philip, who had acted most generously towards his family. And he had been a scoundrel—he knew he had—and Bunch, and MacWhirter, and the doctor all said so—and it was that woman's doing. And he pointed to the scared wife as he painfully hissed out these words of anger and contrition:—"When I saw that child ill, and almost made mad, because I broke my word, I felt I was a scoundrel, Martin; and I was; and that woman made me so; and I deserve to be shot; and I shan't recover; I tell you I shan't." Dr. Martin, who attended the general, thus described his patient's last talk and behaviour to Philip.

It was the doctor who sent madame in quest of the young man. He found poor Mrs. Baynes with hot, tearless eyes and livid face, a wretched sentinel outside the sick chamber. "You will find General Baynes very ill, sir," she said to Philip, with a ghastly calmness, and a gaze he could scarcely face. "My daughter is in the room with him. It appears I have offended him, and he refuses to see me." And she squeezed a dry handkerchief which she held, and put on her spectacles again, and tried again to read the Bible in her lap.

Philip hardly knew the meaning of Mrs. Baynes' words as yet. He was agitated by the thought of the general's illness, perhaps by the notion that the beloved was so near. Her hand was in his a moment afterwards; and, even in that sad chamber, each could give the other a soft pressure, a fond, silent signal of mutual love and faith.

The poor man laid the hands of the young people together, and his own upon them. The suffering to which he had put his daughter seemed to be the crime which specially affected him. He thanked Heaven he was able to see he was wrong. He whispered to his little maid a prayer for pardon in one or two words, which caused poor Charlotte to sink on her knees and cover his fevered hand with tears and kisses. Out of all her heart she forgave him. She had felt that the parent she loved and was accustomed to honour had been mercenary and cruel. It had wounded her pure heart to be obliged to think that her father could be other than generous, and just, and good. That he should humble himself before her, smote her with the keenest pang of tender commiseration. I do not care to pursue this last scene. Let us close the door as the children kneel by the sufferer's bedside, and to the old man's petition for forgiveness, and to the young girl's sobbing vows of love and fondness, say a reverent Amen.

By the following letter, which he wrote a few days before the fatal termination of his illness, the worthy general, it would appear, had already despaired of his recovery:—"My dear Mac,—I speak and breathe with such difficulty as I write this from my bed, that I doubt whether I shall ever leave it. I do not wish to vex poor Eliza, and in my state cannot *enter into disputes* which I know would ensue regarding settlement of property. When I left England there was a claim hanging over me (young Firmin's) at which I was needlessly frightened, as having to satisfy it would swallow up *much more than everything I possessed in the world*. Hence made arrangements for leaving everything in Eliza's name and the children after. Will with Smith and Thompson, Raymond Buildings, Gray's Inn. Think Char *won't be happy for a long time with her mother*. To break from F., who has been most generous to us, will break her heart. Will you and Emily keep her for a little? I gave *F. my promise*. As you told me, I have acted ill by him, which I own and deeply lament. If Char marries, *she ought to have her share*. May God bless her, her father prays, in case he should not see her again. And with best love to Emily, am yours, dear Mac, sincerely,—CHARLES BAYNES."

On the receipt of this letter, Charlotte disobeyed her father's wish, and set forth from Tours instantly, under her worthy uncle's guardianship. The old soldier was in his comrade's room when the general put the hands of Charlotte and her lover together. He confessed his fault, though it is hard for those who expect love and reverence to have to own to wrong and to ask pardon. Old knees are stiff to bend: brother reader, young or old, when our last hour comes, may ours have grace to do as much.

CHAPTER XXX.

RETURNS TO OLD FRIENDS.



HE three old comrades and Philip formed the little mourning procession which followed the general to his place of rest at Montmartre. When the service has been read, and the last volley has been fired over the buried soldier, the troops march to quarters with a quick step, and to a lively tune. Our veteran has been laid in the grave with brief ceremonies. We do not even prolong his obsequies with a sermon. His place knows him no longer. There are a few who remember him: a very, very few who grieve for him—so few that to think of them is a humiliation almost. The sun sets

on the earth, and our dear brother has departed off its face. Stars twinkle; dews fall; children go to sleep in awe, and maybe tears; the sun rises on a new day, which he has never seen, and children wake hungry. They are interested about their new black clothes, perhaps. They are presently at their work, plays, quarrels. They are looking forward to the day when the holidays will be over, and the eyes which shone here yesterday so kindly are gone, gone, gone. A drive to the cemetery, followed by a coach with four acquaintances dressed in decorous black, who separate and go to their homes or clubs, and wear your crape for a few days after—can most of us expect much more? The thought is not ennobling or exhilarating, worthy sir. And, pray, why should we be proud of ourselves? Is it because we have been so good, or are so wise and great, that we expect to be beloved, lamented, remembered? Why, great Xerxes or blustering Bobadil must know in that last hour and resting-place how abject, how small, how low, how lonely they are, and what a little dust will cover them. Quick, drums and fifes, a lively tune! Whip the black team, coachman, and trot back to town again—to the world, and to business, and duty!

I am for saying no single unkindness of General Baynes which is not forced upon me by my story-teller's office. We know from Marlborough's story that the bravest man and greatest military genius is not always

brave or successful in his battles with his wife; that some of the greatest warriors have committed errors in accounts and the distribution of *meum* and *tuum*. We can't disguise from ourselves the fact that Baynes permitted himself to be misled, and had weaknesses not quite consistent with the highest virtue.

When he became aware that his carelessness in the matter of Mrs. Firmin's trust-money had placed him in her son's power, we have seen how the old general, in order to avoid being called to account, fled across the water with his family and all his little fortune, and how terrified he was on landing on a foreign shore to find himself face to face with this dreadful creditor. Philip's renunciation of all claims against Baynes, soothed and pleased the old man wonderfully. But Philip might change his mind, an adviser at Baynes' side repeatedly urged. To live abroad was cheaper and safer than to live at home. Accordingly Baynes, his wife, family, and money, all went into exile, and remained there.

What savings the old man had I don't accurately know. He and his wife were very dark upon this subject with Philip: and when the general died, his widow declared herself to be almost a pauper! It was impossible that Baynes should have left much money; but that Charlotte's share should have amounted to—that sum which may or may not presently be stated—was a little *too* absurd! You see Mr. and Mrs. Firmin are travelling abroad just now. When I wrote to Firmin, on the 28th of February, 1861, to ask if I might mention the amount of his wife's fortune, he gave me no answer: nor do I like to enter upon these matters of calculation without his explicit permission. He is of a hot temper; he might, on his return, grow angry with the friend of his youth, and say, "Sir, how dare you to talk about my private affairs? and what has the public to do with Mrs. Firmin's private fortune?"

When, the last rites over, good-natured uncle Mac proposed to take Charlotte back to Tours her mother made no objection. The widow had tried to do the girl such an injury, that perhaps the latter felt forgiveness was impossible. Little Char loved Philip with all her heart and strength; had been authorized and encouraged to do so, as we have seen. To give him up now, because a richer suitor presented himself, was an act of treason from which her faithful heart revolted, and she never could pardon the instigator. You see, in this simple story, I scarcely care even to have reticence or secrets. I don't want you to understand for a moment that Hely Walsingham was still crying his eyes out about Charlotte. Goodness bless you! It was two or three weeks ago—four or five weeks ago, that he was in love with *her*! He had not seen the Duchesse d'Ivry then, about whom you may remember he had the quarrel with Podichou, at the club in the Rue de Grammont. (He and the duchesse wrote poems to each other, each in the other's native language.) The Charlotte had long passed out of the young fellow's mind. That butterfly had fluttered off from our English rosebud, and had settled on the other elderly flower! I don't know that Mrs. Baynes was aware of young Hely's fickleness at

this present time of which we are writing: but his visits had ceased, and she was angry and disappointed; and not the less angry because her labour had been in vain. On her part, Charlotte could also be resolutely unforgiving. Take her Philip from her! Never, never! Her mother force her to give up the man whom she had been encouraged to love? Mamma should have defended Philip, not betrayed him! If I command my son to steal a spoon, shall he obey me! And if he do obey and steal, and be transported, will he love me afterwards? I think I can hardly ask for so much filial affection.

So there was strife between mother and daughter; and anger not the less bitter, on Mrs. Baynes' part, because her husband, whose cupidity or fear had, at first, induced him to take her side, had deserted her and gone over to her daughter. In the anger of that controversy Baynes died, leaving the victory and right with Charlotte. He shrank from his wife: would not speak to her in his last moments. The widow had these injuries against her daughter and Philip: and thus neither side forgave the other. She was not averse to the child's going away to her uncle: put a lean, hungry face against Charlotte's lip, and received a kiss which I fear had but little love in it. I don't envy those children who remain under the widow's lonely command; or poor Madame Smolensk, who has to endure the arrogance, the grief, the avarice of that grim woman. Nor did Madame suffer under this tyranny long. *Galvani's Messenger* very soon announced that she had lodgings to let, and I remember being edified by reading one day in the *Pall Mall Gazette* that elegant apartments, select society, and an excellent table were to be found in one of the most airy and fashionable quarters of Paris. Inquire of Madame la Baronne de S——sk, Avenue de Marli, Champs Elysées.

We guessed without difficulty how this advertisement found its way to the *Pall Mall Gazette*; and very soon after its appearance Madame de Smolensk's friend, Mr. Philip, made his appearance at our tea-table in London. He was always welcome amongst us elders and children. He wore a crape on his hat. As soon as the young ones were gone, you may be sure he poured his story out; and enlarged upon the death, the burial, the quarrels, the loves, the partings we have narrated. How could he be put in a way to earn three or four hundred a year? That was the present question. Ere he came to see us, he had already been totting up ways and means. He had been with our friend Mrs. Brandon: was staying with her. The Little Sister thought three hundred would be sufficient. They could have her second floor—not for nothing; no, no, but at a moderate price, which would pay her. They could have attics, if more rooms were needed. They could have her kitchen fire, and one maid, for the present, would do all their work. Poor little thing! She was very young. She would be past eighteen by the time she could marry; the Little Sister was for early marriages, against long courtships. "Heaven help those as helps themselves," she said. And Mr. Philip thought this excellent advice, and Mr. Philip's friend, when

asked for *his* opinion—"Candidly now, what's your opinion?"—said, "Is she in the next room? Of course you mean you are married already."

Philip roared one of his great laughs. No, he was not married already. Had he not said that Miss Baynes was gone away to Tours to her aunt and uncle? But that he wanted to be married; but that he could never settle down to work till he married; but that he could have no rest, peace, health till he married that angel, he was ready to confess. Ready? All the street might hear him calling out the name and expatiating on the angelic charms and goodness of his Charlotte. He spoke so loud and long on this subject that my wife grew a little tired; and my wife *always* likes to hear other women praised, that (she says) I know she does. But when a man goes on roaring for an hour about Dulcinea? You know such talk becomes fulsome at last; and, in fine, when he was gone, my wife said, "Well, he is very much in love; so were you—I mean long before my time, sir; but does love pay the housekeeping bills, pray?"

"No, my dear. And love is always controlled by other people's advice:—always," says Philip's friend, who, I hope, you will perceive was speaking ironically.

Philip's friends had listened not impatiently to Philip's talk about Philip. Almost all women will give a sympathizing hearing to men who are in love. Be they ever so old, they grow young again with that conversation, and renew their own early times. Men are not quite so generous: Tityrus tires of hearing Corydon discourse endlessly on the charms of his shepherdess. And yet egotism is good talk. Even dull biographies are pleasant to read: and if to read, why not to hear? Had Master Philip not been such an egotist, he would not have been so pleasant a companion. Can't you like a man at whom you laugh a little? I had rather such an open-mouthed conversationist than your *volto sciolto* that never unlocks without a careful application of the key. As for the entrance to Mr. Philip's mind, that door was always open when he was awake, or not hungry, or in a friend's company. Besides his love, and his prospects in life, his poverty, &c., Philip had other favourite topics of conversation. His friend the Little Sister was a great theme with him; his father was another favourite subject of his talk. By the way, his father had written to the Little Sister. The doctor said he was sure to prosper in his newly adopted country. He and another physician had invented a new medicine, which was to effect wonders, and in a few years would assuredly make the fortune of both of them. He was never without one scheme or another for making that fortune which never came. Whenever he drew upon poor Philip for little sums, his letters were sure to be especially magniloquent and hopeful. "Whenever the doctor says he has invented the philosopher's stone," said poor Philip, "I am sure there will be a postscript to say that a little bill will be presented for so much, at so many days' date."

Had he drawn on Philip lately? Philip told us when, and how often.

We gave him all the benefit of our virtuous indignation. As for my wife's eyes, they gleamed with anger. What a man: what a father! Oh, he was incorrigible! "Yes, I am afraid he is," says poor Phil, comically, with his hands roaming at ease in his pockets. They contained little else than those big hands. "My father is of a hopeful turn. His views regarding property are peculiar. It is a comfort to have such a distinguished parent, isn't it? I am, always surprised to hear that he is not married again. I sigh for a mother-in-law," Philip continued.

"Oh, *don't*, Philip!" cried Mrs. Laura, in a pet. "Be generous: be forgiving: be noble: be Christian! Don't be cynical, and imitating—you know whom!"

Whom could she possibly mean, I wonder? After flashes, there came showers in this lady's eyes. From long habit I can understand her thoughts, although she does not utter them. She was thinking of these poor, noble, simple, friendless young people; and asking heaven's protection for them. I am not in the habit of over-praising my friends, goodness knows. The foibles of this one I have described honestly enough. But if I write down here that he was courageous, cheerful in adversity, generous, simple, truth-loving, above a scheme—after having said that he was a noble young fellow—*dixi*; and I won't cancel the words.

Ardent lover as he was, our friend was glad to be back in the midst of the London smoke, and wealth, and bustle. The fog agreed with his lungs, he said. He breathed more freely in our great city than in that little English village in the centre of Paris which he had been inhabiting. In his hotel, and at his café (where he composed his eloquent "own correspondence"), he had occasion to speak a little French, but it never came very trippingly from his stout English tongue. "You don't suppose I would like to be taken for a Frenchman," he would say with much gravity. I wonder who ever thought of mistaking friend Philip for a Frenchman?

As for that faithful Little Sister, her house and heart were still at the young man's service. We have not visited Thornhaugh Street for some time. Mr. Philip whom we have been bound to attend, has been too much occupied with his love-making to bestow much thought on his affectionate little friend. She has been trudging meanwhile on her humble course of life, cheerful, modest, laborious, doing her duty, with a helping little hand ready to relieve many a fallen wayfarer on her road. She had a room vacant in her house when Philip came:—a room, indeed! Would she not have had a house vacant, if Philip wanted it? But in the interval since we saw her last, the Little Sister, too, has had to assume black robes. Her father, the old captain, has gone to his rest. His place is vacant in the little parlour: his bedroom is ready for Philip, as long as Philip will stay. She did not profess to feel much affliction for the loss of the captain. She talked of him constantly as though he were present; and made a supper for Philip, and seated him in her pa's chair. How she bustled about on

the night when Philip arrived! What a beaming welcome there was in her kind eyes! Her modest hair was touched with silver now; but her cheeks were like apples; her little figure was neat, and light, and active; and her voice, with its gentle laugh, and little sweet bad grammar, has always seemed one of the sweetest of voices to me.

Very soon after Philip's arrival in London, Mrs. Brandon paid a visit to the wife of Mr. Firmin's humble servant and biographer, and the two women had a fine sentimental consultation. All good women, you know, are sentimental. The idea of young lovers, of match-making, of amiable poverty, tenderly excites and interests them. My wife, at this time, began to pour off fine long letters to Miss Baynes, to which the latter modestly and dutifully replied, with many expressions of fervour and gratitude for the interest which her friend in London was pleased to take in the little maid. I saw by these answers that Charlotte's union with Philip was taken as a received point by these two ladies. They discussed the ways and means. They did not talk about broughams, settlements, town and country houses, pin-moneys, trousseaux; and my wife, in computing their sources of income, always pointed out that Miss Charlotte's fortune, though certainly small, would give a very useful addition to the young couple's income. "Fifty pounds a year not much! Let me tell you, sir, that fifty pounds a year is a very pretty little sum: if Philip can but make three hundred a year himself, Mrs. Brandon says they ought to be able to live quite nicely." You ask, my genteel friend, is it possible that people can live for four hundred a year? How do they manage, *ces pauvres gens*? They eat, they drink, they are clothed, they are warmed, they have roofs over their heads, and glass in their windows; and some of them are as good, happy, and well-bred as their neighbours who are ten times as rich. Then, besides this calculation of money, there is the fond woman's firm belief that the day will bring its daily bread for those who work for it and ask for it in the proper quarter; against which reasoning many a man knows it is in vain to argue. As to my own little objections and doubts, my wife met them by reference to Philip's former love-affair with his cousin, Miss Twysden. "You had no objection in that case, sir," this logician would say. "You would have had him take a creature without a heart. You would cheerfully have seen him made miserable for life, because you thought there was money enough and a genteel connection. Money indeed! Very happy Mrs. Woolcomb is with her money. Very creditably to all sides has *that* marriage turned out!" I need scarcely remind my readers of the unfortunate result of that marriage. Woolcomb's behaviour to his wife was the agreeable talk of London society and of the London clubs very soon after the pair were joined together in holy matrimony. Do we not all remember how Woolcomb was accused of striking his wife, of starving his wife, and how she took refuge at home and came to her father's house with a black eye? The two Twysdens were so ashamed of this transaction, that father and son left off coming to Bays's, where I never heard their absence

regretted but by one man, who said that Talbot owed him money for losses at whist for which he could get no settlement.

Should Mr. Firmin go and see his aunt in her misfortune? Bygones might be bygones, some of Philip's advisers thought. Now, Mrs. Twysden was unhappy, her heart might relent to Philip, whom she certainly had loved as a boy. Philip had the magnanimity to call upon her; and found her carriage waiting at the door. But a servant, after keeping the gentleman waiting in the dreary, well-remembered hall, brought him word that his mistress was out, smiled in his face with an engaging insolence, and proceeded to put cloaks, court-guides, and other female gear into the carriage in the presence of this poor deserted nephew. This visit it must be owned was one of Mrs. Laura's romantic efforts at reconciling enemies: as if, my good creature, the Twysdens ever let a man into their house who was poor or out of fashion! They lived in a constant dread lest Philip should call to borrow money of them. As if they ever lent money to a man who was in need! If they ask the respected reader to their house, depend on it they think he is well to do. On the other hand, the Twysdens made a very handsome entertainment for the new Lord of Whipham and Ringwood who now reigned after his kinsman's death. They affably went and passed Christmas with him in the country; and they cringed and bowed before Sir Philip Ringwood as they had bowed and cringed before the earl in his time. The old earl had been a Tory in his latter days, when Talbot Twysden's views were also very conservative. The present Lord of Ringwood was a Whig. It is surprising how liberal the Twysdens grew in the course of a fortnight's after-dinner conversation and pheasant-shooting talk at Ringwood. "Hang it! you know," young Twysden said, in his office afterwards, "a fellow must go with the politics of his family, you know!" and he bragged about the dinners, wines, splendours, cooks, and preserves of Ringwood as freely as in the time of his nob'e grand-uncle. Any one who has kept a house-dog in London, which licks your boots and your platter, and fawns for the bones in your dish, knows how the animal barks and flies at the poor who come to the door. The Twysdens, father and son, were of this canine species: and there are vast packs of such dogs here and elsewhere.

If Philip opened his heart to us, and talked unreservedly regarding his hopes and his plans, you may be sure he had his little friend, Mrs. Brandon, also in his confidence, and that no person in the world was more eager to serve him. Whilst we were talking about what was to be done, this little lady was also at work in her favourite's behalf. She had a firm ally in Mrs. Mugford, the proprietor's lady of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Mrs. Mugford had long been interested in Philip, his misfortunes and his love-affairs. These two good women had made a sentimental hero of him. Ah! that they could devise some feasible scheme to help him! And such a chance actually did very soon present itself to these delighted women.

In almost all the papers of the new year appeared a brilliant advertisement, announcing the speedy appearance in Dublin of a new paper. It

was to be called THE SHAMROCK, and its first number was to be issued on the ensuing St. Patrick's day. I need not quote at length the advertisements which heralded the advent of this new periodical. The most famous pens of the national party in Ireland were, of course, engaged to contribute to its columns. Those pens would be hammered into steel of a different shape when the opportunity should offer. Beloved prelates, authors of world-wide fame, bards, the bold strings of whose lyres had rung through the isle already, and made millions of noble hearts to beat, and, by consequence, double the number of eyes to fill; philosophers, renowned for science; and illustrious advocates, whose manly voices had ever spoken the language of hope and freedom to an &c. &c., would be found rallying round the journal, and proud to wear the symbol of THE SHAMROCK. Finally, Michael Cassidy, Esq., was chosen to be the editor of this new journal.

This was the M. Cassidy, Esq., who appeared, I think, at Mr. Firmin's call-supper; and who had long been the sub-editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. If Michael went to Dame Street, why should not Philip be sub-editor at Pall Mall? Mrs. Brandon argued. Of course there would be a score of candidates for Michael's office. The editor would like the patronage. Barnet, Mugford's partner in the *Gazette*, would wish to appoint his man. Cassidy, before retiring, would assuredly intimate his approaching resignation to scores of gentlemen of his nation, who would not object to take the Saxon's pay until they finally shook his yoke off, and would eat his bread until the happy moment arrived when they could knock out his brains in fair battle. As soon as Mrs. Brandon heard of the vacant place, that moment she determined that Philip should have it. It was surprising what a quantity of information our little friend possessed about artists, and pressmen, and their lives, families, ways and means. Many gentlemen of both professions came to Mr. Ridley's chambers, and called on the Little Sister on their way to and fro. How Tom Smith had left the *Herald*, and gone to the *Post*; what price Jack Jones had for his picture, and who sat for the principal figures.—I promise you Madam Brandon had all these interesting details by heart; and I think I have described this little person very inadequately if I have not made you understand that she was as intrepid a little jobber as ever lived, and never scrupled to go any length to serve a friend. To be Archbishop of Canterbury, to be professor of Hebrew, to be teacher of a dancing-school, to be organist for a church: for any conceivable place or function this little person would have asserted Philip's capability. "Don't tell me! He can dance or preach (as the case may be), or write beautiful! And as for being unfit to be a sub-editor, I want to know, has he not as good a head and as good an education as that Cassidy, indeed? And is not Cambridge College the best college in the world? It is, I say. And he went there ever so long. And he might have taken the very best prize, only money was no object to him then, dear fellow, and he did not like to keep the poor out of what he didn't want!"

Mrs. Mugford had always considered the young man as very haughty, but quite the gentleman, and speedily was infected by her gossip's enthusiasm about him. My wife hired a fly, packed several of the children into it, called upon Mrs. Mugford, and chose to be delighted with that lady's garden, with that lady's nursery—with everything that bore the name of Mugford. It was a curiosity to remark in what a flurry of excitement these women plunged, and how they schemed, and coaxed, and caballed, in order to get this place for their protégé. My wife thought—she merely happened to surmise: nothing more, of course—that Mr. Mugford's fond desire was to shine in the world. Could we not ask some people—with—with what you call handles to their names,—I think I before heard you use some such term, sir,—to meet the Mugfords? Some of Philip's old friends, who I am sure would be very happy to serve him." Some such artifice was, I own, practised. We coaxed, cajoled, fondled the Mugfords for Philip's sake, and heaven forgive Mrs. Laura her hypocrisy. We had an entertainment then, I own. We asked our finest company, and Mr. and Mrs. Mugford to meet them: and we prayed that unlucky Philip to be on his best behaviour to all persons who were invited to the feast.

Before my wife this lion of a Firmin was as a lamb. Rough, captious, and overbearing in general society, with those whom he loved and esteemed Philip was of all men the most modest and humble. He would never tire of playing with our children, joining in their games, laughing and roaring at their little sports. I have never had such a laugh at my jokes as Philip Firmin. I think my wife liked him for that noble guffaw with which he used to salute those pieces of wit. He arrived a little late sometimes with his laughing chorus, but ten people at table were not so loud as this faithful friend. On the contrary, when those people for whom he has no liking venture on a pun or other pleasantry, I am bound to own that Philip's acknowledgment of their waggery must be anything but pleasant or flattering to them. Now, on occasion of this important dinner, I enjoined him to be very kind, and very civil, and very much pleased with everybody, and to stamp upon nobody's corns, as, indeed, why should he, in life? Who was he to be *censor morum*? And it has been said that no man could admit his own faults with a more engaging candour than our friend.

We invited, then, Mugford, the proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and his wife; and Bickerton, the editor of that periodical; Lord Ascot, Philip's old college friend; and one or two more gentlemen. Our invitations to the ladies were not so fortunate. Some were engaged, others away in the country keeping Christmas. In fine, we considered ourselves rather lucky in securing old Lady Hixie, who lives hard by in Westminster, and who will pass for a lady of fashion when no person of greater note is present. My wife told her that the object of the dinner was to make our friend Firmin acquainted with the editor and proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, with whom it was important that he should

be on the most amicable footing. Oh ! very well. Lady Hixie promised to be quite gracious to the newspaper gentleman and his wife ; and kept her promise most graciously during the evening. Our good friend Mrs. Mugford was the first of our guests to arrive. She drove "in her trap" from her villa in the suburbs ; and after putting up his carriage at a neighbouring livery-stable, her groom volunteered to help our servants in waiting at dinner. His zeal and activity were remarkable. China smashed, and dish-covers clanged in the passage. Mrs. Mugford said that "Sam was at his old tricks ;" and I hope the hostess showed she was mistress of herself amidst that fall of china. Mrs. Mugford came before the appointed hour, she said, in order to see our children. "With our late London dinner hours," she remarked, "children was never seen now." At Hampstead, hers always appeared at the dessert, and enlivened the table with their innocent outcries for oranges and struggles for sweetmeats. In the nursery, where one little maid, in her crisp long night-gown, was saying her prayers ; where another little person, in the most airy costume, was standing before the great barred fire ; where a third Lilliputian was sitting up in its night-cap and surplice, surveying the scene below from its crib ;—the ladies found our dear Little Sister installed. She had come to see her little pets (she had known two or three of them from the very earliest times). She was a great favourite amongst them all ; and, I believe, conspired with the cook down below in preparing certain delicacies for the table. A fine conversation then ensued about our children, about the Mugford children, about babies in general. And then the artful women (the house mistress and the Little Sister) brought Philip on the *tapis*, and discoursed, *à qui mieux*, about his virtues, his misfortunes, his engagement, and that dear little creature to whom he was betrothed. This conversation went on until carriage-wheels were heard in the square, and the knocker (there were actually knockers in that old-fashioned place and time) began to peal. "Oh, bother ! There's the company a-comin'," Mrs. Mugford said ; and arranging her cap and flounces, with neat-handed Mrs. Brandon's aid, came down-stairs, after taking a tender leave of the little people, to whom she sent a present next day of a pile of fine Christmas books, which had come to the *Pall Mall Gazette* for review. The kind woman had been coaxed, wheedled, and won over to our side, to Philip's side. He had *her* vote for the sub-editorship, whatever might ensue.

Most of our guests had already arrived, when at length Mrs. Mugford was announced. I am bound to say that she presented a remarkable appearance, and that the splendour of her attire was such as is seldom beheld.

Bickerton and Philip were presented to one another, and had a talk about French politics before dinner, during which conversation Philip behaved with perfect discretion and politeness. Bickerton had happened to hear Philip's letters well spoken of—in a good quarter, mind ; and his cordiality increased when Lord Ascot entered, called Philip by his sur-

ame, and entered into a perfectly free conversation with him. Old Lady Hixie went into perfectly good society, Bickerton condescended to acknowledge. "As for Mrs. Mugford," says he, with a glance of wondering compassion at that lady, "of course, I need not tell you that *she* is seen nowhere—nowhere." This said, Mr. Bickerton stepped forward, and calmly patronized my wife, gave me a good-natured nod for my own part, reminded Lord Ascot that he had had the pleasure of meeting him at Egham; and then fixed on Tom Page, of the Bread-and-Butter Office (who, I own, is one of our most genteel guests), with whom he entered into a discussion of some political matter of that day—I forget what: but the main point was that he named two or three leading public men with whom he had discussed the question, whatever it might be. He named very great names, and led us to understand that with the proprietors of those very great names he was on the most intimate and confidential footing. With his owners—with the proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, he was on the most distant terms, and indeed I am afraid that his behaviour to myself and my wife was scarcely respectful. I fancied I saw Philip's brow gathering wrinkles as his eye followed this man strutting from one person to another, and patronizing each. The dinner was a little late, from some reason best known in the lower regions. "I take it," says Bickerton, winking at Philip, in a pause of the conversation, "that our good friend and host is not much used to giving dinners. The mistress of the house is evidently in a state of perturbation." Philip gave such a horrible grimace that the other at first thought he was in pain.

"You who have lived a great deal with old Ringwood, know what a good dinner is," Bickerton continued, giving Firmin a knowing look.

"Any dinner is good which is accompanied with such a welcome as I get here," said Philip.

"Oh! very good people, very good people, of course!" cries Bickerton.

I need not say he thinks he has perfectly succeeded in adopting the air of a man of the world. He went off to Lady Hixie and talked with her about the last great party at which he had met her; and then he turned to the host, and remarked that my friend, the doctor's son, was a fierce-looking fellow. In five minutes he had the good fortune to make himself hated by Mr. Firmin. He walks through the world patronizing his betters. "Our good friend is not much used to giving dinners,"—isn't he? I say, what do we mean by continuing to endure this man? Tom Page, of the Bread-and-Butter office is a well-known diner-out; Lord Ascot is an earl's son; Bickerton, in a pretty loud voice, talked to one or other of these during dinner and across the table. He sat next to Mrs. Mugford, but he turned his back on that bewildered woman, and never condescended to address a word to her personally. "Of course, I understand you, my dear fellow," he said to me when on the retreat of the ladies we approached within whispering distance. "You have these people at dinner for reasons of state. You have a book coming out, and want to have it noticed in the

paper. I make a point of keeping these people at a distance—the only way of dealing with them, I give you my word."

Not one offensive word had Philip said to the chief writer of the *Pall Mall Gazette*; and I began to congratulate myself that our dinner would pass without any mishap, when some one unluckily happening to praise the wine, a fresh supply was ordered. "Very good claret. Who is your wine-merchant? Upon my word I get better claret here than I do in Paris—don't you think so, Mr. Fermer? Where do you generally dine at Paris?"

"I generally dine for thirty sous, and three francs on grand days, Mr. Beckerton," growls Philip.

"My name is Bickerton." ("What a vulgar thing for a fellow to talk about his thirty-sous dinners!" murmured my neighbour to me). "Well, there is no accounting for tastes! When I go to Paris I dine at the Trois Frères. Give me the Burgundy at Trois Frères.

"That is because you great leader writers are paid better than poor correspondents. I shall be delighted to be able to dine better." And with this Mr. Firmin smiles at Mr. Mugford, his master and owner.

"Nothing so vulgar as talking shop," says Bickerton, rather loud.

"I am not ashamed of the shop I keep. Are you of yours, Mr. Bickerton?" growls Philip.

"F. had him there," says Mr. Mugford.

Mr. Bickerton got up from table, turning quite pale. "Do you mean to be offensive, sir?" he asked.

"Offensive, sir? No, sir. Some men are offensive without meaning it. You have been several times to-night!" says Lord Philip.

"I don't see that I am called upon to bear this kind of thing at any man's table!" cried Mr. Bickerton. "Lord Ascot, I wish you good-night!"

"I say, old boy, what's the row about?" asked his lordship. And we were all astonished as my guest rose and left the table in great wrath.

"Serve him right, Firmin, I say!" said Mr. Mugford, again drinking off a glass.

"Why, don't you know?" says Tom Page. "His father keeps a haberdasher's shop at Cambridge, and sent him to Oxford, where he took a good degree.

And this had come of a dinner of conciliation—a dinner which was to advance Philip's interest in life!

"Hit him again, I say," cried Mugford, whom wine had rendered eloquent. "He's a supercilious beast, that Bickerton is, and I hate him, and so does Mrs. M."

What are the Nerves?

Of old, nervous meant strong. The nervous man was he whose muscles were like cords beneath his skin, and whose frame was knit into the highest tension. The name of nerve was applied rather to the tendons than to those susceptible strings to which we have appropriated it. Men had scarcely, in those days, discovered that they had nerves. But these have come into more prominence in recent times, and however little we may know about them, we can no longer be ignorant of their existence. Probably, few of those who live in cities, or come in any way within the vortex of our social life, have escaped occasional attacks of nervousness, or are able at all times to set that insidious enemy at defiance.

Is nervousness, then, an inevitable condition of civilization; a tax we must be content to pay for our advantages? or can we free ourselves from its assaults without paying too great a price for the immunity? What is the malady and its cause?—that we may know what the cure must be.

And first, have the nerves really anything to do with it? or have they borne the blame, while other portions of our organization have been at fault? When we are in that excitable, tremulous condition, in which there is a morbid anxiety to labour, with diminished power of performance; when, without any definite ailment, we seem deadened in every faculty, while yet the least vexation is felt as an intolerable annoyance; are we right in saying that it is especially the nervous system that breaks down?

In order to answer this question, we must obtain, if possible, a clear idea respecting this element of our being, and know what kind of a machinery it is that we are using. And, in truth, we are, in this respect, constructed in a way eminently adapted both to excite and to reward our curiosity. Beautiful, and even mysterious, as many of the exhibitions of nervous activity appear, and wonderful as are its aggregate results, as displayed in the varied processes of human life, there is hardly anything in the whole range of science better ascertained, or more simple, than are many of its fundamental principles. In this respect, the study of the nervous system is like that of astronomy, in which, while the great moving force still remains unexplained, yet many laws are clearly known, and these scarcely more interesting for their practical importance than for their simplicity. "If," says Sir Charles Bell, "I could address my reader with the same freedom, and with the same examples before me, with which I speak to my pupils on this subject, I think I could interest him in it." And no one who has once experienced the fascination of the study can help having the same feeling. But it must be remembered that our knowledge

extends only to a certain point. While much can be explained with certainty, many problems still remain unsolved, many questions which we naturally ask can receive only a partial answer.

It was at one time thought that the presence of a nervous system, constituted a distinction between the animal and the vegetable. But this opinion does not seem to be correct. The lowest animals have no discoverable nerves; they lead merely a sort of vegetative life, and their simple structure does not demand any special mechanism for bringing into union the actions of different parts. Yet, although this is the case, the nervous system is one of the chief characteristics of animal life, and it makes its appearance immediately there is exhibited in the animal scale any complexity of structure. It is by its means, indeed, that various organs are blended into a whole; and thus the animal is an unit or individual, while the plant always remains a mere bundle of more or less similar parts. The proper life of the animal consists in an ability to react in a definite manner upon objects that affect it from without, not only by a motion of the part immediately affected, but by the combined movements of many, and it may be distant, organs. In this lies the primary need for a nervous system. It is in its simplest aspect merely a channel, by which the affections of one portion of the body are enabled to call out the activity of another. Keeping this idea in view, we shall find there is no difficulty in following, in their general principles, the structure or the functions of the nervous system, even in its most highly developed and complicated forms.

It was an ancient notion that man is a microcosm, a little world, combining in himself all the powers and principles that are distributed throughout the greater world around him. In physiology the same idea has found a place in the representation that man embodies, and is an union of, all the lower animal natures. These ideas may have been mere dreams; yet they were dreams that contained an element of truth. The most rigid examination with the dissecting knife confirms them in a certain sense. In his nervous system man does present a combination of the structures and activities of the various forms of life below him. We live, in respect to our nerves, distinct and separate lives, and unite in our own person opposite existences. The spinal cord has one life of its own; the lower part of the brain another; and by means of its upper part we live a third kind of life higher than the other two.

The effects, and the proof also, of this diversity of life within us, are partially seen in the variety of actions which we are capable of carrying on at the same time, without their interfering with each other. By this means it is that, without taking any thought, we breathe regularly fifteen times in the minute; that we maintain ourselves in the erect position without any consciousness of effort; that (almost equally without consciousness when our attention is otherwise engaged) we walk, or eat, or perform other habitual motions, and at the same time carry on a distinct train of thought, or perform complicated and delicate manual operations.

We are able to do all these things at once because, besides distinct groups of muscles, we have distinct nervous systems operating within us, each regulating its own circle of activities.

But elaborate as is the structure thus provided as the condition of our varied life, and diverse as are the results which ensue from the action of its different parts, it is all constructed on one plan. Its operations when combined, as they are in our experience, make up a whole of which we cannot think without wonder, and the intricacy of which seems to defy comprehension. But simplicity comes with analysis. The various elements which make up the nervous activity are presented to us by nature in various classes of animals, separated, and, as it were, distinctly exposed to view, while through them all there runs an identity of character which makes them easily reducible to a single law.

What are nerves wanted for? Not, in the first place, to make the body alive, or to give it the power of acting. The various structures of which it is composed, each for itself, have their own active properties, their own power of responding to stimulus. The muscle contracts when it is touched, or when it is galvanized, though no nerve be present; the gland pours forth its secretion under the like conditions. A due supply of blood alone is necessary for all these operations. But for animal life, except in its lowest grades, this kind of activity is not enough. The sensitive plant possesses as much as this; and indeed, so far as we can judge, this "irritability" (as the tendency to perform a motion on being touched is termed) is essentially the same property in the plant and in the animal. In fact, if we suppose such a mechanism to be connected with a sensitive plant, that on any given leaf being touched, not that leaf only, but others also, and those in a distant part of the plant, should be thrown into motion—say in such a way as to guard the irritated part—we should have a pretty good imitation of the animal activity. Such a result might be brought about if there were introduced into the plant a system of tubes, or fibres, which should convey the impulse from each point to various others; or more completely still, if these fibres were connected with a central apparatus that should gather up the impulses transmitted from every leaf, and pass them on in an orderly sequence to the rest. By such an arrangement it is evident a sort of animal intelligent-looking activity might be grafted on to the mere vegetable "irritability" of the plant. No fresh power would be needed in these fibres or in the central apparatus; only a capability of receiving, and transmitting unimpaired, the impulses conveyed to it from every quarter. No fresh power would be needed, only a "susceptibility" and a definite arrangement. In truth, owing to the greater amount of the action induced in the leaves of the sensitive plant, than that of the stimulus by which they are excited—a mere breath being sufficient often to produce a long contractile motion—these actions might go on by means of such an arrangement of fibres, continually multiplying, until a slight touch might suffice to throw the whole tree into—we will venture to say—convulsions. It is evident, however, that if any com-

plicated series of actions were desired; if a touch (or other stimulus) applied to any single leaf were meant to call forth a corresponding action in distant parts; and especially if any large number of these actions were to be combined together, and this in many or varied groups, then the arrangement of the fibres would need to be exceedingly exact and complex. There would need to be points also at which the various impulses might be transferred from one set of fibres to another, or their progress altogether arrested for a time. In brief, the arrangements would be somewhat like those of an elaborate telegraphic system.

Such a system of tubes or fibres would closely represent in some essential characters the nervous system. If we look at the human brain, we find that it consists mainly of a vast mass of fibres. Their number, tenuity, and variety of direction are so great, that no skill has hitherto availed to trace them in detail, though their general course has been pretty well made out. The annexed figure may give a general conception of their multitude, and the intricacy of the web they form. Emanating

from the brain and spinal cord, long lines of fibres pass to each region of the body, and distribute themselves in a minute network around and within the substance of every organ. So fine is this network that, if we could see it by itself, it would appear before us a perfect image of the body, all pure nerve.

We have thus, in our own persons, to do with a structure similar to that which has been supposed. Our body is not primarily dependent upon its nerves; it is active in itself, instinct and throbbing with force almost in every part, but waiting the touch of the master's hand before, in health, its ordered activities are set free. Take away from a man his nervous system (if it could be done with impunity),

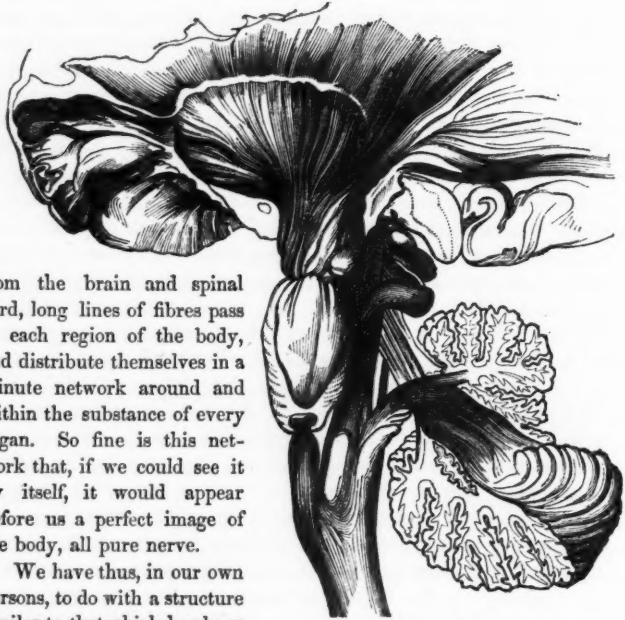


Fig. 1.—Diagram of the Fibres of the Brain.

and there were left not lifeless clay, not even a mere inanimate and passive mechanism; there were left a body physically alive, endowed with active powers as containing in every part more or less of nature's force; but a body worthless as a *body*, with no unity in its action, nor possibility of ordered movement to any definite purpose; a structure in the whole or in the parts of which more or fewer actions might go on, and go on with vigour, but in which these actions could be made subservient to no end.

The fibres which constitute the chief mass of the nervous system are simple in their structure, so far as the microscope can reveal it, and present a very curious analogy to a telegraphic wire. Like the latter, each nervous fibre consists of a small central thread (or tube, perhaps, in the case of the nerve, though the tubular structure cannot be demonstrated) surrounded by a layer of a different substance. The central thread (or axis) is of a greyish colour; the surrounding material is of a glassy appearance, soon becoming an opaque white after death, and giving their characteristic white appearance to the nerves. The fibre, consisting of these two portions, is included in a sheath (a sort of very fine skin) which separates it from the adjacent bodies. If we roll up a wax candle in paper, that will give us a rough illustration of the nerve fibre. The paper is the external "sheath;" the wax is the intermediate white matter; the wick is the central axis. It is most natural to believe that the analogy suggested by this structure is a true one, and that the white substance acts the part of the gutta percha round the electric wire, as an insulating medium for the currents which travel along the central portion. But this is not proved. Probably, owing to the minuteness of the parts, it is beyond the possibility of experimental proof. For in man two or three thousand of these fibres would occupy but an inch in their largest part, and both at their origin and their termination they are much smaller. Many of them are contained in every nerve that is visible to the naked eye. Fig. 2 represents a small nervous twig dividing.

They terminate in various ways. Their ends may thin out and become free, or they may form a loop, and so return back in their course. Each nerve fibre runs in an unbroken line from its origin to its termination.

There is another kind of nervous matter, besides the fibres; and that consists of cells. Two of the forms which these cells assume are

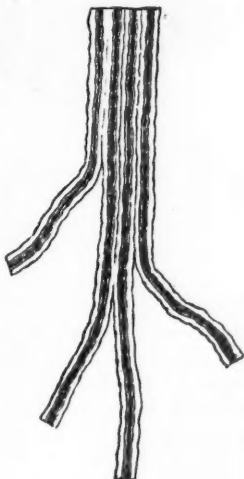


Fig. 2.

shown in fig. 3. The nerve fibres sometimes run into them ; sometimes they pass among them without appearing to communicate, as re-

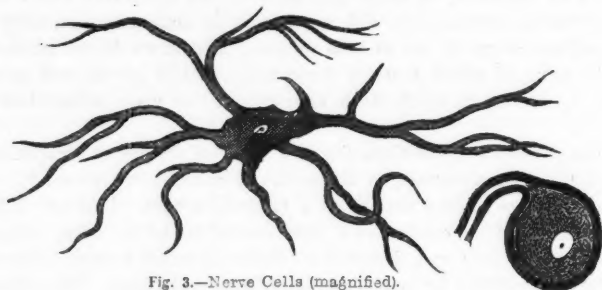


Fig. 3.—Nerve Cells (magnified).

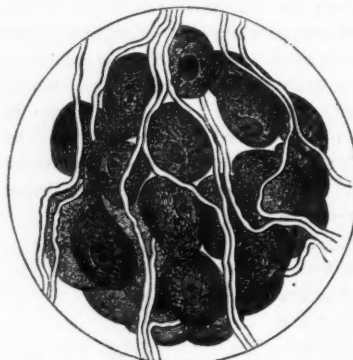


Fig. 4.—Nerve Cells and Fibres.

presented in fig. 4. Cells of this kind form a thin layer over the surface of the brain, and its fibres for the most part have their origin from or among them. They also exist in large numbers in certain spots in the substance of the brain, and they are found within the spinal cord in its whole length. They have a pale pinkish hue, and wherever they are found they go by the name of "grey matter," the nerve fibres being called the white matter.

The fibres which constitute the nerves, strictly so called, are conductors, and they conduct to and from the cells. What, then, is the part played by the latter?

Before answering this question it is worth while to pause, and note (as we may well do with something like surprise) the extreme simplicity of form exhibited by this element of the nervous system. In the grey matter of the brain we are arrived at the very highest organic structure, the great achievement of the vital force, the texture in which bodily life culminates, and for the sake of which, we might almost say, all the other organs exist. And we find a structure of the very lowest form. Mere cells and granules—Nature's first and roughest work, her very starting point in the organic kingdom—strewn in a mere mass with no appreciable order over the ends of a multitude of fibres, and loosely folded up, as it seems, for convenient stowage! This is what meets the eye. Is this the laboratory of reason; the birthplace of thought; the home of genius and imagination; the palace of the soul? Nay, is this even the source and spring of bodily order; the seat of government and control for the disorderly rabble of the muscles. Should we not have expected when we

came thus to the inmost shrine of life, and penetrated to the council-chamber of the mind, to find all that had before appeared of skilful architecture and elaborate machinery surpassed and thrown into the shade? But it is all cast away. Mechanical contrivances for mechanical effects! Skilful grouping and complex organization there may be for the hand, the eye, the tongue; for all parts and every function where the mind is not. But where the spirit comes, take all that scaffolding away.

Whether this suggestion be a true one or not, we do not know. Most probably it is not true; because it is a guess, and expresses ignorance, which *ought* to be deceived. But it remains a noteworthy fact, nevertheless, and surely puts our anticipation somewhat at fault, that at the very summit of the organic world, everything that we are accustomed to call structure, and to admire as beautiful, either to the eye or to the intellect, sinks to its lowest pitch. The grey matter of the brain, however, is very abundantly supplied with blood.

But to descend again to *terra firma*—what is the part played by the grey or cellular matter, so far as we can discover it? In order to gain clear ideas on this point, we must consider the general plan on which the nervous system is arranged, and regard it first in its simplest forms. Omitting the lowest members of the animal series in which nerves are found (and in which precisely the same principles prevail), we find in the class of insects a pattern to which all the higher forms may be referred. Fig. 5 is a diagram of the nervous system of the centipede. It consists of a series of little groups of nervous cells, arranged on each side of the middle line, a pair in every segment of the body, and additional ones in the head, connected with the organs of sight, smell, touch, &c. These are all united to each other by bands of fibres, and each one sends out nerves to the organs contained in the segment in which it is placed. The nervous system of the highest animals is but a repetition, in an enlarged and condensed form, of this simple type. Fig. 6 represents the brain and spinal cord of man. The masses of cells, we perceive, have become joined together, and constitute not a series of

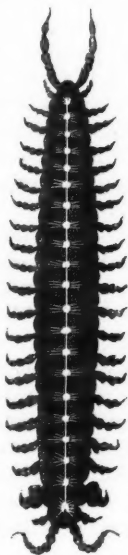


Fig. 5.

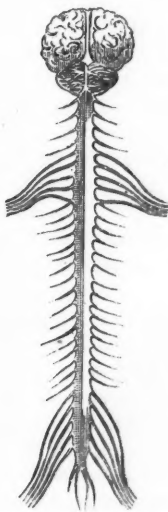


Fig. 6.

double knots, but a continuous column of varying size; and those in the head have become enormously developed. But the parallel between the

two structures remains, in spite of these changes. The spinal cord of man is a series of groups of cells, giving off nerves on each side, and connected by communicating fibres with each other, and with the larger groups in the brain, which also give off nerves to the nose and eye, the skin and muscles of the face, and other parts.

Thus in man and all animals alike, masses of grey matter, or cells, are placed at the centre, and nerve fibres connect them with the organs of the body. It has been proved, also, by the beautiful experiments of Sir Charles Bell, that the nerve fibres are of two kinds; some conveying an influence from the organs to the centres where the nerve cells are placed, and others carrying back an influence from them to the organs. So these groups of cells evidently answer to the *stations* of the electric telegraph. They are the points at which the messages are received from one line and passed on along another.* But besides this, the cells are the generators of the nervous power. For the living telegraph flashes along its wires not only messages, but the force also which ensures their fulfilment. A nerve bears inwards, say from the hand or foot, an impression, it may be of the slightest kind; but the cells (richly bathed as they are by air-containing blood) are thrown into active change by this slight stimulus, and are thus able to send out a force along the nerves leading to large groups of muscles, and excite them all to vigorous motion. Just so a message from one line may, by its stimulus to human wills, be transmitted from a station in twenty new directions.

In its simplest form this is called the "reflex function"—a name given to it by Dr. Marshall Hall, to whose investigations we owe much of our knowledge respecting the laws of nervous action. The idea of a reflex action is simply that to which reference has been made before; a stimulus to one part of the body being conveyed by a conductor to the cells at the centre, and "reflected" by them upon another, which it excites to activity. Thus, for example, a pinch or prick of the skin excites the muscles to contract. The name of "reflex" has been given to this action, because it may, and in many cases naturally does, take place without consciousness. There may be no feeling and no will, yet actions having all the appearance of design may be produced. Thus in some cases of paralysis, when, owing to an injury of the spinal cord, all sensibility and all voluntary power, in respect to one or more of the limbs, are abolished, a pinch or tickling of the paralysed member will cause it to be withdrawn, without any consciousness on the patient's part. This is an exhibition of the reflex function of the spinal cord. Similar results, of even more striking character, may be produced at will in the lower creatures. We know how long decapitated insects continue to move their limbs; how vigorously, for example, a headless wasp plies his sting. "If the head of a centipede

* They are called "ganglia" in scientific language; but this word has no deep meaning: it signifies a knot, and was applied to them simply with reference to the form they present at some places. Where a nerve passes through a small group of cells, the latter looks something like a knot tied in it.

be cut off while it is in motion, the body will continue to move onwards by the action of the legs; and the same will take place in the separate parts, if the body be divided into several distinct portions. After these actions have come to an end, they may be excited again by irritating any part of the nervous centres or the cut extremity of the nervous cord. The body is moved forward by the regular and successive action of the legs, as in the natural state, but its movements are always forward, never backward, and are only directed to one side when the forward movement is checked by an obstacle. If, again, the nervous cord of a centipede be divided in the middle of the trunk, so that the hinder legs are cut off from connection with the head, they will continue to move, but not in harmony with those of the fore part of the body, being completely paralysed so far as the animal's controlling power is concerned, though still capable of performing reflex movements by the influence of their own nerve cells, which may thus continue to propel the body in opposition to the determinations of the animal itself. The case is still more remarkable when the nervous cord is not merely divided, but a portion of it is entirely removed from the middle of the trunk; for the anterior legs still remain obedient to the animal's control, the legs of the segments from which the cord has been removed are altogether motionless, while those of the posterior segments continue to act in a manner which shows that the animal has no power of checking or directing them.

"The stimulus to the reflex movements of the legs in the foregoing cases appears to be given by the contact of the extremities with the solid surface on which they rest. In other instances the appropriate impression can only be made by the contact of a liquid. Thus a water beetle, having had its head removed, remained motionless as long as it rested on a dry surface, but when cast into water, it executed the usual swimming motions with great energy and rapidity, striking all its comrades to one side by its violence, and persisting in these for more than half an hour."*

Facts of this kind prove that the ordinary movements of the legs and wings, in insects and similar animals, are effected not by a direct effort of will, but reflexly, through the medium of the little collections of nervous cells with which the several parts are connected by their nerves; while impulses derived from their "brain" serve only to harmonize, control, and direct their spontaneous motions. The spinal cord in ourselves has a similar office. Fig. 7 represents a section of it, about its middle portion. A nerve is seen proceeding from it on each side. The white portions in the figure represent the external layers of the cord,



Fig. 7.

* Dr. Carpenter.

which consist of white fibres; the dark part represents the central cellular or grey matter. Each nerve arises from the cord by two roots: the anterior one is the nerve of motion, or that which conveys impulses from the centre to the muscles; the posterior is the nerve of sensation, which conveys impulses from the skin and other parts to the centre. It will be seen that the posterior root alone is in immediate connection with the grey matter. This root also has a small mass of nerve cells situated upon it, a short distance from its origin; the motor root has none. While the nerve is perfect, if it be irritated (as by galvanism, pricking, &c.) at any point below the junction of its roots, the animal gives signs of pain, and some or all of the muscles to which it is distributed are at the same time thrown into contraction. But the proof that these two "roots" of the nerve (or two nerves, as they should perhaps be considered, though they are bound up in one sheath) have different offices, is this:—If the roots are separately divided, sensation is cut off by the division of the posterior, and the power of voluntary motion by that of the anterior root. At the same time, irritation of the posterior root *above* the point of division, causes pain, and irritation of the anterior *below* the point at which it is divided, still produces movement in the muscles. This was an experiment of Sir Charles Bell's, and it puts it beyond question that the nerves which convey sensation upwards and those which carry motor impulses downwards are different.

We have called the nerve which carries impressions upwards *sensitive*; and so it is, but only by virtue of the connection of the cord with the brain. If it be cut off from that, sensation ceases, but as before shown, all the actions which sensation ordinarily prompts do not cease. The spinal cord is organized as a centre for reflex action in the highest animals, as the simple nervous cord is in insects; and similar results to those which are produced in insects when connection with the head is severed, ensue also, under like circumstances, in quadrupeds and man, though less powerfully, and lasting for a very brief interval. A fowl flaps her wings and struggles for several seconds after the spinal cord is completely divided. And in reptiles, in which the processes of life, being less vigorous, are also less rapidly exhausted, reflex actions will continue a long time after complete removal of the brain. A frog, for example, in such a condition will put up its leg as if to push away anything that irritates its side. Cut off, therefore, from the brain, the nerve called *sensitive* still produces an effect, and induces more or less perfectly its appropriate action, although no sensation accompanies it. An action of this kind is called *automatic*.*

* The proof that there is no sensation when the connection with the brain is severed, is given by cases of paralysis from disease or injury, in which this severance is effected, and consciousness in respect to the parts thus cut off is wholly wanting. It has been argued that there is a consciousness—a sensation—pertaining to the cord itself; but this is not within the ordinary meaning of the term, and that question belongs at present wholly to the domain of speculation.

Thus we live an automatic life, in which various actions are carried on merely by virtue of the mechanical powers in the organs, and the arrangement of the nerves and cells within the spinal cord. We may call this our spinal life. It is the entire life, probably, of the lowest animals, whose functions are thus taken up into our being, and made a basis on which is erected the superstructure of our conscious, our human, life. By means of it we perform the actions which we can carry on without any heed, or even knowledge of their taking place. Walking, when our attention is wholly absorbed in something else, affords a good illustration of an action performed automatically. "When we are walking without attending to our steps, the foot coming down to the ground conveys the quasi-sensation of its contact to the spinal centres; these are roused to a corresponding motion; in other words, they command the muscles of the other leg to put it into a forward movement. No sooner is this executed, than at the end of the movement another manifest quasi-sensation (an impression which might be felt, but is not) is afforded by the fresh contact with the earth, which contact, reaching the centres, engenders a second motion, and so forth, throughout the walk. There is a simple circle, in which quasi-sensation excites motion at the centre, and motion produces quasi-sensation at the extremes. Thus, the foot on the ground represents sensation, and that in progress motion, and the two contemplated together represent the links in a chain of nervous fate."

This automatic action is the foundation of our nervous life; but other forms of life are in immediate relation with it, modifying and controlling it, and reducing it to a diminished amount and importance. Just as the animal rises in the scale, so do its lower, or automatic functions receive more influence from those above them, and express more fully the dictates of consciousness and will. Man is the least automatic of all animals, through the greater preponderance of his conscious part, which uses the automatic organs as its ever ready instrument. But the instrument must exist, or it could not be used; and constantly supreme as is the rational part in man, it can exercise this supremacy only because the inferior, and merely physical powers, are ever waiting on its behests.

At the upper part of the spinal cord there is added on another set of nervous centres—masses, that is, of grey matter—which preside over other actions, those, namely, of breathing and of eating. These are still essentially automatic, yet less purely so than some of those whose seat is lower down the cord. They are situated in an expanded portion of the spinal cord, just below its junction with the brain; and here is found a special part of the nervous system, the destruction of which is at once fatal to life. Not, however, because there is any special vitality connected with it, but simply because on it depends the performance of respiration. To this part is conveyed the stimulus arising from the presence of impure blood in the lungs or in the system at large, and from it radiates the influence which calls into play the group of muscles which expand the

chest. A sensation—the need of breathing—which becomes overpowering when long resisted, is normally connected with the performance of respiration ; but this is not essential. In pro-



Fig. 8.

found coma, or unconsciousness from disease, and under the action of chloroform, respiration continues, though slowly, and with diminished energy. The case is the same with the act of swallowing, which, like breathing, is automatic so far as the act itself is concerned, being produced without, and even against, our will, upon the contact of food with the upper part of the throat; and though normally connected with certain sensations, will yet take place in their absence. We swallow during sleep, and infants born with the

brain wholly wanting can both breathe and suck. Fig. 8 represents the upper portion of the spinal cord, on which three actions depend.

Each of these partly automatic actions has a special nerve appropriated as its *excitor*, that is, a nerve which receives impressions from the organs concerned; the lung cells on the one hand, and the surface of the back part of the mouth on the other. These nerves convey a stimulus to the centre, and from thence it is diffused through other nerves (of motion) to the muscles by which the appointed action is effected. But the excitement of these muscles is not dependent on this special nerve alone; respiration especially has the widest relations, and almost all the sensitive nerves in the body may rouse or modify it. The sudden inspiration produced by the shock of cold water on the skin is a familiar instance of this kind of action.

Above all these parts comes the brain, containing the nervous centres which subserve feeling, thought, and will; but the description of these we must leave to another time, and also of the means by which all these separate parts are harmoniously blended into one, and made to co-operate in every action of the man. In the meantime, we see what the method is by which a basis is laid for our higher life of consciousness and moral choice, in the subordination to these powers of an animal machine, in which the processes requisite for maintaining life are carried on of themselves. If we had to perform the actions that have been enumerated by direct volitions, all our energy would be squandered upon them, and we should have no time for anything better. Breathing alone would occupy all our life, if each breath were a distinct voluntary act. By the committal of so much to a mere unconscious operation of nervous power, mind is emancipated, and placed in its fit relations; devoted to other interests and burdened with nobler cares.

This lower portion of the nervous system, however, controlling as it does the functions of chief necessity to life, is of paramount importance

to health. Derangements of its action are seen in the paroxysms of asthma, and the seizures of epilepsy, in both of which affections the muscles are thrown into excessive contraction through a morbid condition induced in the spinal cord. Of a different order are that languor and feeling of utter disability for muscular exertion which creep over us at times. These feelings show that the nerve-centres which preside over muscular exertion have become oppressed and sluggish; perhaps through being badly nourished for want of proper exercise. Of a different kind, again, are tremblings of the muscles, or involuntary jerks and twitchings, and, in brief, all that condition known by the expressive name of "fidgets;" and which will sometimes affect the best-meaning people at the most unbecoming times. This affection is capable of a sufficiently simple explanation. The nervous centres which control the muscular activity (that "reflex" or involuntary activity which has been described) are then in a state of undue excitement, and yielding to stimuli too slight, or without any external stimulus at all, they call the muscles into irregular and spasmodic contraction. Cramps and a tendency to involuntary sighing are often due to a similar condition; the muscles themselves, however, sometimes sharing with the spinal cord in an increased excitability.

What is the source of this irritability which renders it impossible to keep the muscles still? We can answer, in general, that irritability means weakness—it is a tendency to too easy an overthrow of the balance in which the living textures exist; the excessive action arises from too rapid a decay. A philosophical physician compares it to the whirling movement of the hands of a watch, of which the mainspring is broken; and the eminent French experimentalist, M. Claude Bernard, has thrown a light on this condition by pointing out that an unnatural proneness to activity exists in every organ of a living animal, at a period immediately preceding the death of the part. In our physical as in our moral nature, strength is calm, patient, orderly; weakness hurries, cannot be at rest, attempts too much. The force, which in the living frame, binds up the elements into organic forms, being relaxed, too easily permits them to sink down, and ineffectual mimicries of energy ensue.

But how is living strength to be ensured in respect to the functions we have spoken of? The laws we have been tracing give us a partial answer to this question. Strength in the living body (for reasons that it would be very interesting to trace) is maintained by the full but natural exercise of each organ; and as we have seen, the action of these portions of the nervous system is made dependent upon influences conveyed to them by the sensitive nerves distributed over the various parts of the body. And among these the nerves passing to the skin are the chief. The full access of all healthful stimuli to the surface, and its freedom from all that irritates or impedes its functions, are the first external conditions of the normal vigour of this nervous circle. Among these stimuli, fresh air and pure water hold the first place. Sufficient warmth is second. The great, and even wonderful advantages of cleanliness are partly referrible to the

direct influence of a skin healthily active, open to all the natural stimuli, and free from morbid irritation, upon the nerve-centres of which it is the appointed excitant. This influence is altogether distinct from those cleansing functions which the healthy skin performs for the blood; and in any just estimate of its value is far too important to be overlooked.

That state of general vigour which we call "Tone" also depends upon the healthy action of these nervous centres. It consists in an habitual moderate contraction of the muscles, due to a constant stimulus exerted on them by the spinal cord, and is valuable less for itself than as a sign of a sound nervous balance. Tone is maintained partly by healthful impressions radiated upon the spinal cord, through the nerves, from all parts of the body, and partly by the stimulus poured down upon it from the brain. So it is disturbed by whatever conveys irritating or depressing influences in either direction. A single injudicious meal, a single sleepless night, a single passion or piece of bad news, will destroy it. On the other hand, a vivid hope, a cheerful resolve, an absorbing interest, will restore it as if by magic. For in man these lower officers in the nervous hierarchy draw their very breath according to the biddings of the higher powers. But the dependence of the higher on the lower is no less direct. The mutual action takes place in each line. A chief condition of keeping the brain healthy is to keep these unconscious nervous functions in full vigour, and in natural alternations of activity and repose. Thus it is that (besides its effect in increasing the breathing and the general vigour of the vital processes) muscular exercise has so manifest a beneficial influence on a depressed or irritable state of mind. The bodily movement, by affording an outlet to the activity of the spinal cord, withdraws a source of irritation from the brain; or it may relieve excitement of that organ by carrying off its energy into a safe channel. We see evidence of the same law in the delightful effect of a cheerful walk, and in the demand for violent exertion, which is so frequent in insanity. Every part of the nervous system makes its influence felt by all the rest. A sort of constitutional monarchy exists within us; no power in this small state is absolute, or can escape the checks and limitations which the other powers impose. Doubtless the brain is King; but Lords and Commons have their seats below, and guard their privilege with jealous zeal. If the "constitution" of our personal realm is to be preserved intact, it must be by the efforts of each part, lawfully directed to a common end.

Frozen-out Actors.

In the eventful year 1587, while Roman Catholics were deploring the death of Mary Stuart; while Englishmen were exulting at the destruction dealt by Drake to a hundred Spanish ships in the port of Cadiz; while the Puritan party was at angry issue with Elizabeth; while John Fox was lying dead, and while Walsingham was actively impeding the ways and means of Armada Philip, by getting his bills protested at Genoa,—there was a little man in the parish of St. Botolph, of which he was the incumbent, nibbling his pen, and making it fly furiously over paper, in wordy war against the stage and stage-players.

The name of this well-meaning little man was Gosson. His hatred of theatres, actors, and audiences was, in its sublime phrensy, almost heroic. Its intensity was probably not lessened by the fact that the reverend gentleman had himself written two or three pieces, all which, on being acted, were speedily and irrevocably condemned! In his book against the stage he dwells on perilous allurements connected with the theatre, as though he were more in love with the theme than angry at what he affected to censure. As a logician, where exception may not be made to his premisses, it may be made to his conclusions; and frequently neither one nor the other has a hair's breadth of basis to stand upon. When the Britons ate acorns and drank water, he says, they were giants and heroes; but since plays came in they had dwindled, so he asserts, into a puny race, incapable of noble and patriotic achievements! And yet next year, some pretty fellows of that race were sweeping the Invincible Armada from the surface of our seas!

From this time, however, the assailants of the stage became unwearied in their onslaught; but they were not always permitted to go unanswered. When, in King James's reign, Sutton made the pulpit of St. Mary Overy re-echo with tirades denouncing the infernal origin of the drama, Field, the actor, stepped forth, and respectfully asked to be informed, in what part of Scripture it was expressly condemned. Sutton devoted to perdition not only the players but their patrons. "His most sacred Majesty is one of these," said courtly Field, and he suggested that the preacher might have manifested more courtesy and not less loyalty, had he not forced upon the public memory the circumstance of the theatre being protected by the king; who, if he favoured certain licensed actors, made up for his error by being merciless against poor strollers.

While London was yet talking admiringly of the Coronation of Charles I., and Parliament was barely according him one pound in twelve of the money-aids of which he was in such need, there was another pamphleteer sending up his testimony from Cheapside to West-

minster, against the alleged abomination of plays and players. This anonymous author does not lack complacency, but begs the Parliament to read his pamphlet, and defies them, having read it, to do aught else, subsequently, but plant their iron heel on the drama and crush it into nothingness for ever.

This writer entitles his work *A Short Treatise against Stage Plays*, and he makes it as sharp as it is short. Plays were invented by heathens, they must necessarily be prejudicial to Christians!—*that* is the style of his assertion and argument. They were invented in order to appease false gods, consequently the playing of them must excite to wrath a true Deity! They are no recreation, because people come away from them wearied. The argument, in tragedy, he informs us, is murder; in comedy, it is social vice. This he designates as bad instruction; and remembering Field's query to Sutton, he would very much like to know in what page of Holy Writ authority is given for the vocation of an actor. He might as well have asked for the suppression of tailors, on the ground of their never being once named in either the Old Testament or the New!

But this author finds condemnation, there, of "stage effects," rehearsed or unrehearsed. You deal with the judgments of God in tragedy, and laugh over the sins of men in comedy; and thereupon he reminds you, not very appositely, that Ham was accursed for deriding his father! Players change their apparel and put on women's attire,—as if they had never read a chapter of Deuteronomy in their lives! If coming on the stage under false representation of their natural names and persons, be not an offence against the Epistle to Timothy, he would thank you to inform him *what* it is! As to looking on these pleasant evils and not falling into sin,—you have heard of Job and King David, and you are worse than an heathen if you do not remember what *they* looked upon with innocent intent, or if you have forgotten what came of the looking.

He reminds parents that while *they* are at the play, there are wooers who are carrying off the hearts of their daughters at home; perhaps, the very daughters themselves *from* home. This seems to me to be less an argument against resorting to the theatre than in favour of your taking places for your "young ladies," as well as for yourselves. The writer does not see this, he looks too wide abroad to see what lies at his feet. He is in Asia, citing the Council of Laodicea against the theatre. He is in Africa, vociferating, as the Council of Carthage did, against audiences. He is in Europe, at Arles, where the Fathers decided that no actor should be admitted to the sacrament. Finally, he unites all these Councils together at Constantinople, and in a three-piled judgment sends stage, actors, and audiences to Gehenna.

If you would only remember that many royal and noble men have been slain when in the theatre, on their way thither, or returning thence, you will have a decent horror of risking a similar fate in like localities. He has known actors who have died after the play was over; he would fain have you believe that there is something in *that*. And when he has

intimated that theatres have been burnt and audiences suffocated, that stages have been swept down by storms, and spectators trodden to death; that less than forty years previous to the time of his writing, eight persons had been killed, and many more wounded, by the fall of a London playhouse; and that a similar calamity, but greater in degree, had lately occurred in the city of Lyons,—the writer conceives he has advanced quite sufficient argument, and administered more than enough of admonition, to deter any audacious person from entering a theatre henceforth and for ever.

This paper pellet failed of its purpose. It had not long been printed, and was altogether forgotten, when the vexed author might have seen four actors sailing joyously along the Strand. There they are, Master Moore (there were no *managers* then; they were “masters” till the Georgian era), Master Moore, heavy Foster, mirthful Guilman, and airy Townsend. The master carries in his pocket a royal licence to form a company, whose members, in honour of the king’s sister, shall be known as “the Lady Elizabeth’s servants;” with permission to act when and where they please, in and about the city of London, unless when the plague should be more than ordinarily prevalent.

There was no present opportunity to touch these licensed companies; and, accordingly, a sect of men who professed to unite loyalty with orthodoxy, looking eagerly about them for offenders, detected an unlicensed fraternity playing a comedy in the house of Sir John Yorke. The result of this was the assembling of a nervously-agitated troop of offenders in the Star Chamber. One Christopher Mallory was made the scapegoat, for the satisfactory reason that in the comedy alluded to he had represented the devil, and in the last scene, descended through the stage, with a figure of King James on his back, remarking the while, that such was the road by which all Protestants must necessarily travel! Poor Mallory, condemned to fine and imprisonment, meekly observed that there were two points, he thought, in his favour,—that he had not played in the piece, and had not been even present in the house. No one believed him, and he was held to be the actual representative of the father of lies.

Meanwhile, the public flocked to their favourite houses, and fortune seemed to be most blandly smiling on “masters,” when there suddenly appeared the monster mortar manufactured by Prynne, and discharged by him over London, with an attendant amount of thunder, which shook every building in the metropolis. Prynne had just previously seen the painters busily at work in beautifying the old “Fortune,” and the decorators gilding the horns of the “Red Bull.” He had been down to Whitefriars, and had there beheld a new theatre rising on the old time-honoured site. He was unable to be longer silent, and, in 1633, out came his *Histrio-Mastix*. I suppose our sires really accomplished what I have frequently essayed in vain, namely, the reading through, from title-page to *finis*, the thousand and several hundred pages of which this ponderous volume is composed. Thence, perhaps, arose the exultation of his followers, and the indignation of his adversaries. Prynne does not say

how many prayer-books had been recently published, but he notes, with a cry of anguish, the printing of forty thousand plays within the last two years. "There are five devil's chapels," he says, "in London; and yet in more extensive Rome, in Nero's days, there were but three, and those," he adds, "were three too many!" When the writer gets beyond statistics he grows rude; but he was at least sincere, and accepted all the responsibility of the course taken by him, advisedly.

While the anger excited by this attack on pastimes favoured by the king was yet hot, the assault itself was met by a defiance. The gentlemen of the Inns of Court closed their law-books, got up a masque, and played it at Whitehall, in the presence of a delighted audience, consisting of royal and noble personages. The most play-loving of the lords followed the example afforded by the lawyers, and the king himself assumed the buskins and turned actor, for the nonce. Tom Carew was busy with superintending the rehearsals of his *Cælum Britannicum*, and in urging honest and melodious Will Lawes to progress more rapidly with the music. Cavalier Will was not to be hurried, but did his work steadily; and Prynne might have heard him and his brother Harry humming the airs over as they walked together across the park to Whitehall. When the day of representation arrived, great was the excitement and intense the delight of some, and the scorn of others. Among the noble actors who rode down to the palace was Rich, Earl of Holland. All passed off so pleasantly that no one dreamed it was the inauguration of a struggle in which Prynne was to lose his estate, his freedom, and his ears, the king and the earl their heads; while gallant Will Lawes, as honest a man as any of them, was, a dozen years after, to be found among the valiant dead who fell at the siege of Chester.

Ere this *dénouement* to a tragedy so mirthfully commenced had been logically reached, there were other defiances cast in the teeth of audacious, but too harshly-treated Prynne. There was a reverend playwright about town, whom Eton loved and Oxford highly prized; Ben Jonson called him his "son," and Bishop Fell, who presumed to give an opinion on subjects of which he was totally ignorant (and yet he might have remembered Shakspeare himself), pronounced the Rev. William Cartwright to be "the utmost that man could come to!" For the Christ Church students, at Oxford, Cartwright wrote the "Royal Slave," one of three out of his four plays which sleep under a righteous oblivion. The king and queen went down to witness the performance of the scholastic amateurs; and, considering that a main incident of the piece comprises a revolt in order to achieve some reasonable liberty for an oppressed people, the subject may be considered more suggestive than felicitous. The fortunes of many of the audience were about to undergo mutation, but there was an actor there whose merited prosperity may be said to have commenced on or from that day. All the actors played with spirit, but this especial one manifested such self-possession, displayed such judgment, and exhibited such powers of conception and execution, that king, queen,

and all the illustrious audience showered down upon him applauses—hearty, loud, and long. His name was Busby. He had been so poor that he received 5*l.* to enable him to take his degree of B.A. Westminster was soon to possess him, for nearly threescore years the most famous of her “masters.” “A very great man!” said Sir Roger de Coverley; “he whipped my grandfather!”

When Prynne, and Bastwick, and Burton—released from prison by the Long Parliament—entered London in triumph, with wreaths of ivy and rosemary round their hats, the players who stood on the causeway, or at tavern windows, to witness the passing of the victims, must have felt uneasy at their arch-enemy being loose again. Between politics, perverse parties, the plague, and the parliament, the condition of the actors fell from bad to worse. In a dialogue which professedly passed at this time between Cane of the “Fortune” and Reed of the “Friers,” one of the speakers deploras the going-out of all good old things, and the other, sighingly, remarks that true Latin is as little in fashion at Inns of Court as good clothes are at Cambridge. At length arrived the fatal year 1647, when, after some previous attempts to abolish the vocation of the actors, the parliament disbanded the army and suppressed the players. The latter struggled manfully, but not so successfully, as the soldiery. They were treated with less consideration; the decree of February, 1647, informed them that they were no better than heathens; that they were intolerable to Christians; that they were incorrigible and vicious offenders, who would now be compelled by whip, and stocks, and gyves, and prison fare, to obey ordinances which they had hitherto treated with contempt. Had not the glorious Elizabeth stigmatized them as “rogues,” and the sagacious James as “vagabonds?” Mayors and sheriffs, and high and low constables were let loose upon them, and encouraged to be merciless; menace was piled upon menace; money penalties were hinted at in addition to corporeal punishments—and, after all, plays were enacted in spite of this counter-enactment.

But these last enactors were not to be trifled with; and the autumn saw accomplished what had not been effected in the spring. The *Perfect Weekly Account* for “Wednesday, Oct. 20, to Tuesday, Oct. 26,” informs its readers that on “Friday an ordinance passed both houses for suppressing of stage-plays, which of late began to come in use again.” The ordinance itself is as uncivil a document as ever proceeded from ruffled authority; and the framers clearly considered that if they had not crushed the stage for ever, they had unquestionably frozen-out the actors as long as the existing government should endure.

At this juncture, historians inform us that many of the ousted actors took military service—generally, as was to be expected, on the royalist side. But, in 1647, the struggle was virtually over. The great fire was quenched, and there was only a trampling out of sparks and embers. Charles Hart, the actor—grandson of Shakspeare's sister—holds a prominent place among these players turned soldiers, as one who rose to be a

major in Rupert's Horse. Charles Hart, however, was at this period only seventeen years of age, and more than a year and a half had elapsed since Rupert had been ordered beyond sea, for his weak defence of Bristol. Rupert's major was, probably, that very "jolly good fellow" with whom Pepys used to take wine and anchovies to such excess as to make it necessary for the "girl" to rise early, and fetch her sick master fresh water wherewith to slake his thirst in the morning.

The enrolment of actors in either army occurred at an earlier period, and one Hart was certainly among them. Thus Allen, erst of the Cock-pit, filled the part of quartermaster-general to the king's army at Oxford. Burt became a cornet, Shatterel was something less dignified in the same branch of the service,—the cavalry. These survived to see the old curtain once more drawn; but record is made of the death of one gallant player, said to be Will Robinson, whom doughty Harrison encountered in fight, and through whom he passed his terrible sword, shouting at the same time: "Cursed is he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently!" This serious bit of stage business would have been more dramatically arranged had Robinson been encountered by Swanston, a player of Presbyterian tendencies, who served in the Parliamentary army. A "terrific broad-sword combat" between the two might have been an encounter at which both armies might have looked on with interest, and supported by applause. Of the military fortunes of the actors none was so favourable as brave little Mohun's, who crossed to Flanders, returned a major, and was subsequently set down in the "cast" under his military title. Old Taylor retired, with that original portrait of Shakspeare to solace him, which was to pass, by the hands of Davenant, to that glory of our stage, "incomparable Betterton." Pollard, too, withdrew, and lusty Lowin, after a time, kicked both sock and buskin out of sight, clapped on an apron, and appeared, with well-merited success, as landlord of the Three Pigeons, at Brentford.

Meanwhile there was a most obstinate pursuit of the drama under difficulties, and great wrong complained of by the actors. These could not comprehend why their office was suppressed, while the bear-baiters were putting money in both pockets, and non-edifying puppet-shows were enriching their proprietors. If Shakspeare was driven from Blackfriars and the Cockpit, was it fair to allow *Bel and the Dragon* to be enacted by dolls, at the foot of Holborn Bridge? The players were told that the public would profit by the abolition of their vocation. Loose young gentlemen, fast merchant-factors, and wild young apprentices were no longer to be seen, it was said, hanging about the theatres, spending all their spare money, much that they could not spare, and not a little which was not theirs to spend. It was uncivilly suggested that the actors were a merry sort of thieves, who used to attach themselves to the puny gallants who sought their society, and strip them of the gold pieces in their pouches, the bodkin on their thighs, the girdles buckled to give them shape, and the very beavers jauntily plumed to lend them grace and stature.

In some of the streets by the river side a tragedy king or two found refuge with kinsfolk. The old theatres stood erect and desolate, and the owners, with hands in empty pockets, asked how they were to be expected to pay ground-rent, now that they earned nothing? whereas their afternoon-share used to be twenty—ay, thirty shillings, sir! And see, the flag is still flying above the old house over the water, and a lad who erst played under it looks up at the banner with a proud sorrow. An elder actor puts his hands on the lad's shoulder, and cries: "Before the old scene is on again, boy, thy face will be as battered as the flag there on the roof-top!" And as this elder actor passes on, he has a word with a poor fellow-mime who has been less provident than he, and whose present necessities he relieves according to his means. Near them stand a couple of deplorable-looking "door-keepers," or, as we should call them now, "money-takers," and the well-to-do ex-actor has his allusive joke at their old rascality, and affects to condole with them that the time is gone by when they used to scratch their neck where it itched not, and then dropped shilling and half-crown pieces behind their collars! But they were not the only poor rogues who suffered by revolution. That slipshod tapster, whom a guest is cudgelling at a tavern-door, was once the proudest and most extravagantly-dressed of the tobacco-men, whose notice the smokers in the pit gingerly entreated, and who used to vend, at a penny the pipeful, tobacco that was not worth a shilling a cart-load. And behold other evidences of the hardness of the times! Those shuffling fiddlers who so humbly peer through the low windows into the tavern room, and meekly inquire: "Will you have any music, gentlemen?" they are tuneful relics of the band who were wont to shed harmony from the balcony above the stage, and play in fashionable houses, at the rate of ten shillings for each hour. Now, they shamble about in pairs, and resignedly accept the smallest dole, and think mournfully of the time when they heralded the coming of kings, and softly tuned the dirge at the burying of Ophelia!

Even these have pity to spare for a lower class than themselves,—the journeymen playwrights, whom the managers once retained at an annual stipend and "beneficial second nights." The old playwrights were fain to turn pamphleteers, but their works sold only for a penny, and that is the reason why those two shabby-genteel people, who have just nodded sorrowfully to the fiddlers, are not joyously tipping sack and Gascony wine, but are imbibing unorthodox ale and heretical small beer. "*Omnibus graviora cothurnis!*" murmurs the old actor, whose father was a schoolmaster; "it's more pitiful than any of your tragedies!"

This picture is no counterfeit presentment. It is true limning. The distress was severe, but the profession had to abide it. Much amendment was promised, if only something of the old life might be pursued without peril of the stocks or the whipping-post. The authorities would not heed these promises, but grimly smiled,—at the actors, who undertook to promote virtue; the poets, who engaged to be proper of speech; the managers,

who bound themselves to prohibit the entrance of all temptations into "the sixpenny rooms;" and the tobacco-men, who swore with earnest irreverence, to vend nothing but the pure Spanish leaf, even in the three-penny galleries.

The distressed actors who had not been fortunate enough to obtain military engagements, or other occupation, did not lose heart under their difficulties. While the king was alive they seemed to have kept up their courage, and making the best of a poor season looked, not altogether patiently, perhaps, for more favourable times.

But the tragedy which ended with the killing of the king gave sad hearts to the comedians, who were in worse plight than before, being now deprived of hope itself. One or two contrived to print and sell old plays for their own benefit; a few authors continued to add a new piece, now and then, to the stock, and that there were readers for them we may conjecture from the fact of the advertisements which began to appear in the papers,—sometimes of the publication of a solitary play, at another of the entire dramatic works of that most noble lady, the Marchioness of Newcastle. The actors themselves united boldness with circumspection. Richard Cox, dropping the words *play* and *player*, constructed a mixed entertainment in which he spoke and sang, and, on one occasion so aptly mimicked the character of an artisan, that a master in the craft kindly and earnestly offered to engage him. During the suppression, Cowley's *Guardian* was privately played at Cambridge. The authorities would seem to have winked at these private representations, or to have declined noticing them until after the expiration of the period within which the actors were exposed to punishment. Too great audacity, however, was very promptly and severely visited, from the earliest days after the issuing of the prohibitory decree. A first-rate troop obtained possession of the Cockpit for a few days, in 1648. They had played, unmolested, for three days, and were in the very midst of the *Bloody Brother*, on the fourth, when the house was invaded by the Puritan soldiery, the actors captured, the audience dispersed, and the seats and the stage righteously smashed into fragments. The players (some of them among the most accomplished of their day,) were paraded through the streets in all their stage finery, and clapped into the Gate House and other prisons, whence they were too happy to escape, after much unseemly treatment, at the cost of all the theatrical property which they had carried on their backs into durance vile.

This severity, visited in other houses as well as the Cockpit, caused some actors to despair, while it rendered others only a little more discreet. Rhodes, the old prompter at Blackfriars, turned bookseller, and opened a shop at Charing Cross. There, he and one Betterton, an ex-under-cook in the kitchen of Charles I., who lived in Tothill Street, talked mournfully over the past, and, according to their respective humours, of the future. The cook's sons listened the while, and one of them especially took delight in hearing old stories of players, and in cultivating an acquaintance with the old theatrical bookseller. In the neighbourhood of the ex-prompter's

shop, knots of very slenderly built players used to congregate at certain seasons. A delegate from their number might be seen whispering to the citizen captain in command at Whitehall, who, as wicked people reported, consented for a "consideration" not to bring his red-coats down to the Bull or other localities where private stages were erected,—especially during the time of Bartholomew Fair, Christmas and other joyous tides. To his shame be it recorded, the captain occasionally broke his promise, or the poor actors had fallen short in their purchase-money of his pledge, and in the very middle of the piece, the little theatre would be invaded, and the audience be rendered subject to as much virtuous indignation as the actors.

The cause of the latter, however, found supporters in many of the members of the aristocracy. Close at hand, near Rhodes's shop, lived Lord Hatton, first of the four peers so styled. His house was in Scotland Yard. His lands had gone by forfeiture, but the proud old Cheshire landowner cared more for the preservation of the deed by which he and his ancestors had held them, than he did for the loss of the acres themselves. Hatton was the employer, so to speak, of Dugdale, and the patron of literary men and of actors, and—it must be added—of very frivolous company besides. He devoted much time to the preparation of a Book of Psalms and the ill-treatment of his wife; and was altogether an eccentric personage, for he recommended Lambert's daughter as a personally and politically suitable wife for Charles II., and afterwards discarded his own eldest son for marrying that incomparable lady. In Hatton, the players had a supreme patron in town; and they found friends as serviceable to them in the noblemen and gentlemen residing a few miles from the capital. These patrons opened their houses to the actors, for stage representations; but even this private patronage had to be distributed discreetly. Goffe, the light-limbed lad who used to play women's parts at the "Blackfriars," was generally employed as messenger to announce individually to the audience when they were to assemble, and to the actors the time and place for the play. One of the mansions wherein these dramatic entertainments were most frequently given, was Holland House, Kensington. It was then held and inhabited by the widowed countess of that unstable Earl of Holland, whose head had fallen on the scaffold, in March, 1649; but this granddaughter of old Sir Walter Cope, who lost Camden House at cards to a Cheapside mercer, Sir Baptist Hicks, was a strong-minded woman, and perhaps found some consolation in patronizing the pleasures which the enemies of her defunct lord so stringently prohibited. When the play was over, a collection was made among the noble spectators, whose contributions were divided between the players, according to the measure of their merits. This done, they wended their way down the avenue to the high road, where probably, on some bright summer afternoon, if a part of them prudently returned afoot to town, a joyous but less prudent few "padded it" to Brentford, and made a short but glad night of it with their brother of the "Three Pigeons."

At the most this was but a poor life; but such as it was, the players were obliged to make the best of it. If they were impatient, it was not without some reason, for though Oliver despised the stage, he could condescend to laugh at and with men of less dignity in their vocation than actors. Buffoonery was not entirely expelled from his otherwise grave court. At the marriage festival of his daughter Frances and his son-in-law Mr. Rich, the Protector would not tolerate the utterance of a line from Shakspeare, expressed from the lips of a player; but there were hired buffoons at that entertainment, which they well-nigh brought to a tragical conclusion. A couple of these saucy fellows seeing Sir Thomas Hillingsley, the old gentleman-usher to the Queen of Bohemia, gravely dancing, sought to excite a laugh by trying to blacken his face with a burnt cork. The high-bred, solemn old gentleman was so aroused to anger by this unseemly audacity, that he drew his dagger, and, but for swift interference, would have run it beneath the fifth rib of the most active of his rude assailants. On this occasion, Cromwell himself was almost as lively as the hired jesters; snatching off the wig of his son Richard, he feigned to fling it in the fire, but suddenly passing the wig under him, and seating himself upon it, he pretended that it had been destroyed, amid the servile applause of the edified spectators. The actors might reasonably have argued that *Hamlet* in Scotland Yard or at Holland House was a more worthy entertainment than such grown-up follies in the gallery at Whitehall.

Those follies ceased to be; Oliver had passed away, and Richard had laid down the greatness which had never sat well upon him. Important changes were at hand, and the merry rattle of Monk's drums coming up Gray's Inn Road, and welcomed by thousands of dusty spectators, announced no more cheering prospect to any class than to the actors. The Oxford vintner's son, Will Davenant, might be seen bustling about in happy hurry, eagerly showing young Betterton how Taylor, the original *Hamlet*, used to play that part under the instruction of the author, Mr. Shakspeare, and announcing bright days at hand to open-mouthed Kynaston, ready at a moment's warning to leap over his master's counter, and take his standing at the balcony as the smooth-cheeked Juliet.

Meanwhile, that master, beaming old Rhodes, with a head full of old memories of the joyous Blackfriars' days, and the merry afternoons over the water, at the Globe, leaving his once apprentice, Betterton, listening to Davenant's stage histories, and Kynaston, not yet out of his time, longing to flaunt it before the footlights, took his own way to Hyde Park, where Monk was encamped, and there obtained, in due time, from that far-seeing individual, licence to once more raise the theatrical flag, enrol the actors, light up the stage, and, in a word, revive the English theatre. In a few days the drama commenced its new career in the Cockpit, in Drury Lane; and this fact seemed so significant as to the character of General Monk's tastes that, subsequently, when he and the Council of State dined in the city halls, the companies treated their guests, after

dinner, with satirical farces, such as *Citizen and Soldier*, *Country Tom and City Dick*, with, as the newspapers inform us, "dancing and singing, many shapes and ghosts, and the like; and all to please his Excellency the Lord General."

The English stage owes a debt of gratitude to both Monk and Rhodes. The former made glorious summer of the actors' winter of discontent; and the latter inaugurated the Restoration by introducing young Betterton. The son of Charles the First's cook was, for fifty-one years, the pride of the English theatre. His acting was witnessed by more than one old contemporary of Shakspeare,—the poet's younger brother being among them,—he surviving till shortly after the accession of Charles the Second; and a few of Betterton's younger fellow-actors lived to speak of his great glory to old stagers who were loquacious in the early days of elderly men yet paying scot and lot among us. The frozen-out actors warmed into life and laughter again beneath the sunshine of his presence. His dignity, his marvellous talent, his versatility, his imperishable fame, are all well known and acknowledged. His industry is indicated by the fact that he created one hundred and thirty new characters! Among them were *Jaffier* and *Valentine*, three *Virginiuses*, and *Sir John Brute*. He was as mirthful in *Falstaff* as he was majestic in *Alexander*; and the craft of his *Ulysses*, the grace and passion of his *Hamlet*, the terrible force of his *Othello*, were not more remarkable than the low comedy of his *Old Bachelor*, the airyness of his *Woodville*, or the cowardly bluster of his *Thersites*. The old actors who had been frozen out, and the new who had much to learn, could not have rallied round a more noble or a worthier chief; for Betterton was not a greater actor than he was a true and honourable gentleman. Only for him the old frozen-outs would have fared but badly. He enriched himself and them, and, as long as he lived, gave dignity to his profession. The humble lad, born in Tothill Street, before monarchy and the stage went down, had a royal funeral in Westminster Abbey, after dying in harness almost in sight of the lamps. He deserved no less, for he was the king of an art which had well-nigh perished in the Commonwealth times, and he was a monarch who probably has never since had, altogether, his equal. Off, as on the stage, he was exemplary in his bearing; true to every duty; as good a country-gentleman on his farm in Berkshire as he was perfect actor in town; pursuing with his excellent wife the even tenor of his way; not tempted by the vices of his time, nor disturbed by its politics; not tipping like Underhill, not plotting and betraying the plotters against William, like Goodman, nor carrying letters for a costly fee between London and St. Germain, like Scudamore. If there had been a leading player on the stage in 1647, with the qualities, public and private, which distinguished Betterton, there perhaps would have been a less severe ordinance than that which inflicted so much misery on the "frozen-out actors."

The Struggles of Brown, Jones, and Robinson.

BY ONE OF THE FIRM.

CHAPTER XIX.

GEORGE ROBINSON'S MARRIAGE.

THUS ended George Robinson's dream of love. Never again will he attempt that phase of life. Beauty to him in future shall be a thing on which the eye may rest with satisfaction, as it may on the sculptor's chiselled marble, or on the varied landscape. It shall be a thing to look at,—possibly to possess. But for the future George Robinson's heart shall be his own. George Robinson is now wedded, and he will admit of no second wife. On that same Tuesday which was to have seen him made the legal master of Maryanne's charms, he vowed to himself that Commerce should be his bride; and, as in the dead of night he stood on the top of the hill of Ludgate, he himself, as high-priest, performed the ceremony. "Yes," said he on that occasion, "O goddess, here I devote myself to thy embraces, to thine and thine only. To live for thee shall satisfy both my heart and my ambition. If thou wilt be kind, no softer loveliness shall be desired by me. George Robinson has never been untrue to his vows, nor shalt thou, O my chosen one, find him so now. For thee will I labour, straining every nerve to satisfy thy wishes. Woman shall henceforward be to me a doll for the adornment of whose back it will be my business to sell costly ornaments. In no other light will I regard the loveliness of her form. O sweet Commerce, teach me thy lessons! Let me ever buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest. Let me know thy hidden ways, and if it be that I am destined for future greatness, and may choose the path by which it shall be reached, it is not great wealth at which I chiefly aim. Let it rather be said of me that I taught the modern world of trade the science of advertisement."

Thus did he address his new celestial bride, and as he spoke a passing cloud rolled itself away from before the moon's face, and the great luminary of the night shone down upon his upturned face. "I accept the omen," said Robinson, with lightened heart; and from that moment his great hopes never again altogether failed him, though he was doomed to pass through scorching fires of commercial disappointment.

But it must not be supposed that he was able to throw off his passion for Maryanne Brown without a great inward struggle. Up to that moment, in which he found Brisket in Mr. Brown's room, and, as he

stood for a moment on the landing-place, heard that inquiry made as to the use of his name, he had believed that Maryanne would at last be true to him. Poppins, indeed, had hinted his suspicions, but in the way of prophecy Poppins was a Cassandra. Poppins saw a good deal with those twinkling eyes of his, but Robinson did not trust to the wisdom of Poppins. Up to that hour he had believed in Maryanne, and then in the short flash of an instant the truth had come upon him. She had again promised herself to Brisket, if Brisket would only take her. Let Brisket have her if he would. A minute's thought was sufficient to bring him to this resolve. But hours of scorching torment must be endured ere he could again enjoy the calm working of a sound mind in a sound body.

It has been told how in the ecstasy of his misery he poured out the sorrows of his bleeding heart before his brethren at the debating club. They, with that ready sympathy which they always evince for the success or failure of any celebrated brother, at once adjourned themselves; and Robinson walked out, followed at a distance by the faithful Poppins.

"George, old fellow!" said the latter, touching his friend on the shoulder, at the corner of Bridge Street.

"Leave me!" exclaimed Robinson. "Do not pry into sorrows which you cannot understand. I would be alone with myself this night."

"You'd be better if you'd come to the Mitre, and smoke a pipe," said Poppins.

"Pipe me no pipes," said Robinson.

"Oh, come. You'd better quit that, and take it easy. After all, isn't it better so, than you should find her out when it was too late? There's many would be glad to have your chance."

"Man!" shouted Robinson, and as he did so he turned round upon his friend and seized him by the collar of his coat. "I loved that woman. Forty thousand Poppins could not, with all their quantity of love, make up my sum."

"Very likely not," said Poppins.

"Would'st thou drink up Esil? Would'st thou eat a crocodile?"

"Heaven forbid," said Poppins.

"I'll do it. And if thou prate of mountains——"

"But I didn't."

"No, Poppins, no. That's true. Though I should be Hamlet, yet art not thou Laertes. But Poppins, thou art Horatio."

"I'm Thomas Poppins, old fellow; and I mean to stick to you till I see you safe in bed."

"Thou art Horatio, for I've found thee honest. There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

"Come, old fellow."

"Poppins, give me that man that is not passion's slave, and I will

wear him in my heart's core; ay, in my heart of hearts, as I do thee." And then, falling on Poppins's neck, George Robinson embraced him.

"You'll be better after that," said Poppins. "Come, let's have a little chat over a drop of something hot, and then we'll go to bed. I'll stand Sammy."

"Something hot!" said Robinson. "I tell you, Poppins, that everything is hot to me. Here, here I'm hot." And then he struck his breast. "And yet I'm very cold. 'Tis cold to be alone; cold to have lost one's all. Poppins, I've loved a harpy."

"I believe you're about right there," said Poppins.

"A harpy! Her nails will grow to talons, and on her feet are hoofs. Within she is horn all over. There's not a drop of blood about her heart. Oh, Poppins!"

"You're very well out of it, George. But yet I'm sorry for you. I am, indeed."

"And now, good-night. This way is mine; yours there."

"What! to the bridge? No; I'm blessed if you do; at any rate not alone."

"Poppins, tell me this; was Hamlet mad, or did he feign so?"

"Faith, very likely the latter. Many do that now. There are better rations in Bedlam, than in any of the gaols;—let alone the workhouses."

"Ay; go mad for rations! There's no feigning there, Poppins. The world is doing that. But, Poppins, Hamlet feigned; and so do I. Let the wind blow as it may, I know a hawk from a handsaw. Therefore you need not fear me."

"I don't; but I won't let you go on to that bridge alone. You'll be singing that song of a suicide, till you're as low as low. Come and drink a drop of something, and wish Brisket joy with his wife."

"I will," said Robinson. And so the two went to the Mitre; and there, comforted by the truth and honesty of his friend, Robinson resolved that he would be weak no longer, but, returning at once to his work, would still struggle on to rescue the house of Brown, Jones, and Robinson from that bourne of bankruptcy to which it was being hurried by the incompetency of his partners.

The following day was Sunday, and he rose at twelve with a racking headache. He had promised to take a chop with his friend at two, and at that hour he presented himself, with difficulty, at Mrs. Poppins's room. She was busy laying the cloth as he entered, but his friend was seated, half-dressed, unshorn, pale, and drooping, in an old arm-chair near the window.

"It's a shame for you, George Robinson," said the lady, as he entered, "so it is. Look at that, for a father of a family,—coming home at three o'clock in the morning, and not able to make his way upstairs till I went down and fetched him!"

"I told her that we were obliged to sit out the debate," said Poppins, winking eagerly at his friend.

"Debate, indeed! A parcel of geese as you call yourself—only geese go to bed betimes, and never get beastly drunk, as you was, Poppins."

"I took a bit of stewed cheese, which always disagrees with me."

"Stewed cheese never disagrees with you when I'm with you. I'll tell you what it is, Poppins; if you ain't at home and in bed by eleven o'clock next Saturday, I'll go down to the Goose and Gridiron, and I'll have that old Grand out of his chair. That's what I will. I suppose you're so bad you can't eat a bit of nothing." In answer to which, Robinson said that he did not feel himself to be very hungry.

"It's a blessing to Maryanne to have lost you: that's what it is."

"Stop, woman," said Robinson.

"Don't you woman me any womans. I know what stuff you're made of. It's a blessing for her not to have to do with a man who comes home roaring drunk, like a dead log, at three o'clock in the morning."

"Now, Polly, ——" began poor Poppins.

"Oh, ah, Polly! Yes. Polly's very well. But it was a bad day for Polly when she first sat eyes on you. There was Sergeant MacNash never took a drop too much in his life. And you're worse than Robinson ten times. He's got no children at home, and no wife. If he kills himself with tobacco and gin, nobody will be much the worse. I know one who's got well out of it anyway. And now, if either of you are able to eat, you can come." Robinson did not much enjoy his afternoon, but the scenes, as they passed, served to reconcile him to that lonely life which must, henceforward, be his fate. What was there to enjoy in the fate of Poppins, and what in the proposed happiness of Brisket? Could not a man be sufficient for himself alone? Was there aught of pleasantness in that grinding tongue of his friend's wife? Should not one's own flesh—the bone of one's bone—bind up one's bruises, pouring in balm with a gentle hand? Poppins was wounded sorely about the head and stomach, and of what nature was the balm which his wife administered? He, Robinson, had longed for married bliss, but now he longed no longer.

On the following Monday and Tuesday he went silently about his work, speaking hardly a word to anybody. Mr. Brown greeted him with an apologetic sigh, and Jones with a triumphant sneer; but he responded to neither of them. He once met Maryanne in the passage, and bowed to her with a low salute, but he did not speak to her. He did not speak to her, but he saw the colour in her cheek, and watched her downcast eye. He was still weak as water, and had she clung to him even then, he would have even then forgiven her! But she passed on, and, as she left the house, she slammed the door behind her.

A little incident happened on that day, which is mentioned to show that, even in his present frame of mind, Robinson was able to take advantage of the smallest incident on behalf of his firm. A slight crowd had been collected round the door in the afternoon, for there had been a quarrel between Mr. Jones and one of the young men, in which loud words had reached the street, and a baby, which a woman held in her

arms, had been somewhat pressed and hurt. As soon as the tidings reached Robinson's ears he was instantly at his desk, and before the trifling accident was two hours passed, the following bill was in the printer's hands :—

“CAUTION TO MOTHERS!—MOTHERS, BEWARE!

“Three suckling infants were yesterday pressed to death in their mothers' arms by the crowd which had congregated before the house of Brown, Jones, and Robinson, at Nine times Nine, Bishopsgate Street, in their attempts to be among the first purchasers of that wonderful lot of cheap but yet excellent flannels, which B., J., and R. have just imported. Such flannels, at such a price, were never before offered to the British public. The sale, at the figures quoted below, will continue for three days more.

“Magenta House.”

And then followed the list.

It had chanced that Mr. Brown had picked up a lot of remnants from a wholesale house in Houndsditch, and the genius of Robinson immediately combined that fact with the little accident above mentioned.

CHAPTER XX.

SHOWING HOW MR. BRISKET DIDN'T SEE HIS WAY.

THEN two months passed by, and the summer was over. Early in September Mr. Brown had been taken ill, and he went to Margate for a fortnight with his unmarried daughter. This had been the means of keeping Brisket quiet for a while with reference to that sum of money which he was to receive, and had given a reason why the marriage with him should not be performed at once. On Mr. Brown's return, the matter was discussed, and Brisket became impatient. But the middle of October had come before any steps were taken to which it will be necessary to allude in the annals of the firm.

At that time Brisket, on two successive days, was closeted with his proposed father-in-law, and it was evident to Robinson that after each of these interviews Mr. Brown was left in an unhappy frame of mind. At this time the affairs of the shop were not absolutely ruinous,—or would not have been so had there been a proper watch kept on the cash taken over the counter. The heaviest amounts due were to the stationer, printer, and advertising agents. This was wrong, for such people of course press for their money; and whatever hitch or stoppage there may be in trade, there should, at any rate, be no hitch or stoppage in the capability for advertising. For the goods disposed of by the house payments had been made, if not with absolute punctuality on every side, at any rate so fairly that some supply was always forthcoming. The account at the bank had always been low; and, though a few small bills had been discounted, nothing like a mercantile system of credit had been established. All this was wrong, and had already betrayed the fact that Brown, Jones, and Robinson were little people, trading in a little way. It is useless to con-

veal the fact now, and these memoirs would fail to render to commerce that service which is expected from them, were the truth on this matter kept back from the public. Brown, Jones, and Robinson had not soared upwards into the empyrean vault of commercial greatness on eagle's wings. There are bodies so ponderous in their nature, that for them no eagle's wings can be found. The firm had commenced their pecuniary transactions on a footing altogether weak and unsubstantial. They had shown their own timidity, and had confessed, by the nature of their fiscal transactions, that they knew themselves to be small. To their advertising agents they should never have been behindhand in their payments for one day; but they should have been bold in demanding credit from their bank, and should have given their orders to the wholesale houses without any of that hesitation or reserve which so clearly indicates feebleness of purpose.

But in spite of this acknowledged weakness, a brisk trade over the counter had been produced; and though the firm had never owned a large stock, an unremitting sale was maintained of small goods, such as ribbons, stockings, handkerchiefs, and cotton gloves. The Katakairion shirts also had been successful, and now there was a hope that, during the coming winter, something might be done in African monkey muffs. At that time, therefore, the bill of the house at three months, though not to be regarded as a bank-note, was not absolutely waste paper. How far Brisket's eyes were open on this matter cannot now be said; but he still expressed himself willing to take one hundred pounds in cash, and the remainder of Maryanne's fortune in the bill of the firm at three months.

And then Mr. Brisket made a third visit to Bishopsgate Street. On all these occasions he passed by the door of the little room in which Robinson sat, and well did his late rival know his ponderous step. His late rival; for Brisket was now welcome to come and go. "Mr. Brown!" said he, on one occasion, "I have come here to have a settlement about this thing at once."

"I've been ill, Brisket; very ill, you know," said Mr. Brown, pleadingly, "and I'm not strong now."

"But that can't make no difference about the money. Maryanne is willing, and me also. When Christmas is coming on, it's a busy time in our trade, and I can't be minding that sort of thing then. If you've got the cash ready, and that bit of paper, we'll have it off next week."

"I've never spoken to him about the paper;" and Mr. Brown, as he uttered these words, pointed down towards the room in which Robinson was sitting.

"Then you'd better," said Brisket. "For I shan't come here again after to-day. I'll see it out now one way or the other, and so I've told Maryanne."

Mr. Brown's sigh when he heard these words was prolonged and deep. "You heard what he said that night," continued Brisket. "You ask him. He's game for anything of that sort."

All these words Robinson had overheard, for the doors of the two rooms were close together, and neither of them had been absolutely closed. Now was the moment in which it behoved him to act. No false delicacy as to the nature of the conversation between his partner and that partner's proposed son-in-law withheld him; but rising from his seat, he walked straight into the upper room.

"Here he is, by jingo," said Brisket. "Talk of the ——"

"Speak of an angel and behold his wings," said Robinson, with a faint smile. "I come on a visit which might befit an angel. Mr. Brown, I consent that your daughter's dowry shall be paid from the funds of the firm."

But Mr. Brown, instead of expressing his thankful gratitude, as was expected, winked at his partner. The dull Brisket did not perceive it, but Robinson at once knew that this act of munificence on his part was not at the moment pleasing to the lady's father.

"You're a trump," said Brisket; "and when we're settled at home like, Maryanne and I that is, I hope you'll let bygones be bygones, and come and take pot luck with us sometimes. If there's a tender bit of steak about the place it shall be sent to the kitchen fire when you show your face."

"Brisket," said Robinson, "there's my hand. I've loved her. I don't deny it. But you're welcome to her. No woman shall ever sit at the hearth of George Robinson;—but at her hearth George Robinson will never sit."

"You shall be as welcome as if you did," said Brisket; "and a man can't say no fairer."

But in the meantime Mr. Brown still continued to wink, and Robinson understood that his consent to that bill transaction was not in truth desired. "Perhaps, Mr. Brisket," said he, "as this is a matter of business, I and my partner had better discuss it for a moment together. We can go down into my room, Mr. Brown."

"With all my heart," said Brisket. "But remember this, both of you: If I don't see my way before I leave the house, I don't come here any more. I know my way pretty well from Aldersgate Street, and I'm sick of the road. I've been true to my word all along, and I'll be true to the end. But if I don't see my way before I leave this house, remember I'm off."

"You shouldn't have said that," whispered Brown to his partner as soon as the two were together.

"Why not?"

"The money won't be there at the end of three months, not if we pay them other things. And where's the hundred pounds of ready to come from?"

"That's your look-out."

"I haven't got it, George. Jones has it, I know; but I can't get it out of him."

"Jones got a hundred pounds! And where should Jones have gotten it?"

"I know we have been wrong, George; I know we have. But you can't wonder at me, George; can you? I did bring four thousand pounds into it; didn't I?"

"And now you haven't got a hundred pounds!"

"If I have it's as much as I can say. But Jones has it, and ever so much more. If Brisket will wait, we can frighten it out of Jones."

"If I know anything of human nature," said Robinson, "Brisket will not wait."

"He would, if you hadn't spoke to him that way. He'd say he wouldn't, and go away, and Maryanne would blow up; but I should have worked the money out of Jones at last, and then Brisket would have waited."

When Mr. Brown had made this disclosure, whispering all the time as he leaned his head and shoulder on Robinson's upright desk, they both remained silent for a while. "We have been wrong," he had said; "I know we have." And Robinson, as he heard the words, perceived that from the beginning to the end he had been a victim. No wonder that the business should not have answered, when such confessions as these were wrung from the senior partner! But the fact alleged by Mr. Brown in his own excuse was allowed its due weight by Robinson, even at that moment. Mr. Brown had possessed money—money which might have made his old age comfortable and respectable in obscurity. It was not surprising that he should be anxious to keep in his own hand some small remnant of his own property. But as for Jones! What excuse could be made for Jones! Jones had been a thief; and worse than ordinary thieves, for his thefts were committed on his own friends.

"And he has got the money," said Robinson.

"Oh, yes!" said Mr. Brown, "there's no doubt in life about that."

"Then, by the heaven above us, he shall refund it to the firm from which he has stolen it," shouted Robinson, striking the desk with his fist as he did so.

"Whish, George, whish; Brisket will hear you."

"Who cares? I have been robbed on every side till I care for nothing! What is Brisket to me, or what is your daughter? What is anything?"

"But, George——"

"Is there no honesty left in the world, Mr. Brown? That there is no love I had already learned. Ah me, what an age is this in which we live! Deceit, deceit, deceit; it is all deceit!"

"The heart of a man is very deceitful," said Mr. Brown. "And a woman's especially."

"Delilah would have been a true wife now-a-days. But never mind. That man is still there, and he must be answered. I have no hundred pounds to give him."

"No, George, no; we're sure of that."

"When this business is broken up, as broken up it soon will be——"

"Oh, George, don't say so."

"Ay, but it will. Then I shall walk out from Magenta House with empty pockets and with clean hands."

"But think of me, George. I had four thousand pounds when we began. Hadn't I, now?"

"I do think of you, and I forgive you. Now go up to Brisket, for he will want his answer. I can assist you no further. My name is still left to me, and of that you may avail yourself. But as for money, George Robinson has none."

About half an hour after that, Mr. Brisket again descended the stairs with his usual ponderous and slow step, and went forth into the street, shaking the dust from his feet as he did so. He was sore offended, and vowed in his heart that he would never enter that house again. He had pressed Mr. Brown home about the money; and that gentleman had suggested to him, first, that it should be given to him on the day after the marriage, and then that it should be included in the bill. "You offered to take it all in one bill before, you know," said Mr. Brown. Hereupon Brisket began to think that he did not see his way at all, and finally left the house in great anger.

He went direct from thence to Mrs. Poppins' lodgings, where he knew that he would find Miss Brown. Poppins himself was, of course, at his work, and the two ladies were together.

"I've come to wish you good-by," he said, as he walked into the room.

"Laws, Mr. Brisket!" exclaimed Mrs. Poppins.

"It's all up about this marriage, and so I thought it right to come and tell you. I began straightforward, and I mean to end straightforward."

"You mean to say you're not going to have her," said Mrs. Poppins.

"Polly, don't make a fool of yourself," said Maryanne. "Do you think I want the man. Let him go." And then he did go, and Miss Brown was left without a suitor.

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. BROWN IS TAKEN ILL.

BRISKET kept his word, and never entered Magenta House again, nor, as far as George Robinson is aware, has he seen any of the Brown family from that day on which he gave up his intended marriage to this present. For awhile Maryanne Brown protested that she was well satisfied that this should be so. She declared to Mrs. Poppins that the man was mercenary, senseless, uninteresting, heavy, and brutal; and though in the bosom of her own family she did not speak out with equal freedom, yet

from time to time she dropped words to show that she was not breaking her heart for William Brisket. But this mood did not last long. Before winter had come round the bitterness of gall had risen within her heart, and when Christmas was there her frame of mind was comfortable neither to herself nor to her unfortunate father.

During this time the house still went on. Set a business going, and it is astonishing how long it will continue to move by the force of mere daily routine. People flocked in for shirts and stockings, and young women came there to seek their gloves and ribbons, although but little was done to attract them, either in the way of advertisement or of excellence of supply. Throughout this wretched month or two Robinson knew that failure was inevitable, and with this knowledge it was almost impossible that he should actively engage himself in his own peculiar branch of business. There was no confidence between the partners. Jones was conscious of what was coming and was more eager than ever to feather his own nest. But in these days Mr. Brown displayed a terrible activity. He was constantly in the shop, and though it was evident to all eyes that care and sorrow were heaping upon his shoulders a burden which he could hardly bear, he watched his son-in-law with the eyes of an Argus. It was terrible to see him, and terrible, alas, to hear him; for at this time he had no reserve before the men and women engaged behind the counters. At first there had been a pretence of great love and confidence, but this was now all over. It was known to all the staff that Mr. Brown watched his son-in-law, and known also that the youngest partner had been treated with injustice by them both.

They in the shop, and even Jones himself, knew little of what in these days was going on upstairs. But Robinson knew, for his room was close to that in which Mr. Brown and his daughter lived; and, moreover, in spite of the ill-feeling which could not but exist between him and Miss Brown, he passed many hours in that room with her father. The bitterness of gall had now risen within her breast, and she had begun to realize that truth which must be so terrible for a woman, that she had fallen to the ground between two stools. It is a truth terrible to a woman. There is no position in a man's life of the same aspect. A man may fail in business, and feel that no further chance of any real success can ever come in his way; or he may fail in love, and in the soreness of his heart may know that the pleasant rippling waters of that fountain are for him dried for ever. But with a woman the two things are joined together. Her battle must be fought all in one. Her success in life and her romance must go together, hand in hand. She is called upon to marry for love, and if she marry not for love, she disobeys the ordinance of nature and must pay the penalty. But at the same time all her material fortune depends upon the nature of that love. An industrious man may marry a silly fretful woman, and may be triumphant in his counting-house though he be bankrupt in his drawing-room. But a woman has but the one chance. She must choose her life's companion

because she loves him; but she knows how great is the ruin of loving one who cannot win for her that worldly success which all in the world desire to win.

With Maryanne Brown these considerations had become frightfully momentous. She had in her way felt the desire for some romance in life, but she had felt more strongly still how needful it was that she should attain by her feminine charms a position which would put her above want. "As long as I have a morsel, you shall have half of it," her father had said to her more than once. And she had answered him with terrible harshness, "But what am I to do when you have no longer a morsel to share with me? When you are ruined or dead where must I then look for support and shelter?" The words were harsh, and she was a very Regan to utter them. But, nevertheless, they were natural. It was manifest enough that her father would not provide for her, and for her there was nothing but Eve's lot of finding an Adam who would dig for her support. She was hard, coarse, almost heartless; but it may perhaps be urged in her favour, that she was not wilfully dishonest. She had been promised to one man, and though she did not love him she would have married him, intending to do her duty. But to this he would not consent, except under certain money circumstances which she could not command. Then she learned to love another man, and him she would have married; but prudence told her that she should not do so until he had a home in which to place her. And thus she fell to the ground between two stools, and, falling, perceived that there was nothing before her on which her eye could rest with satisfaction.

There are women, very many women, who could bear this, if with sadness, still without bitterness. It is a lot which many women have to bear; but Maryanne Brown was one within whose bosom all feelings were turned to gall by the prospect of such a destiny. What had she done to deserve such degradation and misfortune? She would have been an honest wife to either husband! That it could be her own fault in any degree she did not for a moment admit. It was the fault of those around her, and she was not the woman to allow such a fault to pass unavenged.

"Father," she would say, "you will be in the workhouse before this new year is ended."

"I hope not, my child."

"Hope! What's the good of hoping? You will. And where am I to go, then? Mother left a handsome fortune behind her, and this is what you've brought us to."

"I've done everything for the best, Maryanne."

"Why didn't you give that man the money when you had it? You'd have had a home then when you'd ruined yourself. Now you'll have no home; neither shall I."

All this was very hard to be borne. "She nags at me that dreadful, George," he once said, as he sat in his old arm-chair, with his head

hanging wearily on his chest, "that I don't know where I am or what I'm doing. As for the workhouse, I almost wish I was there."

She would go also to Poppins' lodgings, and there quarrel with her old friend Polly. It may be that at this time she did not receive all the respect that had been paid to her some months back, and this reverse was to her proud spirit unendurable. "Polly," she said, "if you wish to turn your back upon me, you can do so. But I won't put up with your airs."

"There's nobody turning their back upon you but yourself," Polly replied; "only it's frightful to hear the way you're always a-grumbling;—as if other people hadn't had their ups and downs besides you."

Robinson also was taught by the manner of his friend Poppins that he could not now expect to receive that high deference which was paid to him about the time that Johnson of Manchester had been in the ascendant. Those had been the halcyon days of the firm, and Robinson had then been happy. Men at that time would point him out as he passed, as one worthy of notice; his companions felt proud when he would join them; and they would hint to him, with a mysterious reverence that was very gratifying, their assurance that he was so deeply occupied as to make it impossible that he should give his time to the ordinary slow courtesies of life. All this was over now, and he felt that he was pulled down with rough hands from the high place which he had occupied.

"It's all very well," Poppins would say to him, "but the fact is, you're a-doing of nothing."

"If fourteen hours a day——," began Robinson. But Poppins instantly stopped him.

"Fourteen hours' work a day is nothing, if you don't do anything. A man may sweat hard digging holes and filling them up again. But what I say is, he does not do any good. You've been making out all those long stories about things that never existed, but what's the world the better for it;—that's what I want to know. When a man makes a pair of shoes——" And so he went on. Coming from such a man as Poppins, this was hard to be borne. But nevertheless Robinson did bear it. Men at the "Goose and Gridiron" also would shoulder him now-a-days, rather than make way for him. Geese whose names had never been heard beyond the walls of that room would presume to occupy his place. And on one occasion, when he rose to address the chamber, the Grand omitted the courtesy that had ever been paid to him, and forgot to lay down his pipe. This also he bore without flinching.

It was about the middle of February when a catastrophe happened which was the immediate forerunner of the fall of the house. Robinson had been at his desk early in the morning,—for, though his efforts were now useless, he was always there; and had been struck with dismay by the loudness of Maryanne's tone as she rebuked her father. Then Mrs. Jones had joined them, and the battle had raged still more furiously. The voice of the old man, too, was heard from time to time; when roused by suffer-

ing to anger he would forget to speak in his usual falsetto treble, and break out in a few natural words of rough impassioned wrath. At about ten, Mr. Brown came down into Robinson's room, and, seating himself on a low chair, remained there for awhile without moving, and almost without speaking. "Is she gone, George?" he asked at last.

"Which of them?" said Robinson.

"Sarah Jane. I'm not so used to her, and it's very bad." Then Robinson looked out and said that Mrs. Jones was gone. Whereupon Mr. Brown returned to his own room.

Again and again throughout the day Robinson heard the voices; but he did not go up to the room. He never did go there now, unless specially called upon to do so by business. At about noon, however, there came a sudden silence—a silence so sudden that he noticed it. And then he heard a quick step across the room. It was nothing to him, and he did not move from his seat; but still he kept his ears open, and sat thoughtless of other matters, as though he expected that something was about to happen. The room above was perfectly still, and for a minute or two nothing was done. But then there came the fall of a quicker step across the room, and the door was opened, and Maryanne, descending the four stairs which led to his own closet, was with him in an instant. "George," she said, forgetting all propriety of demeanour, "father's in a fit!"

It is not necessary that the scene which followed should be described with minuteness in these pages. Robinson, of course, went up to Mr. Brown's room, and a doctor was soon there in attendance upon the sick man. He had been struck by paralysis, and thus for a time had been put beyond the reach of his daughters' anger. Sarah Jane was very soon there, but the wretched state in which the old man was lying quieted even her tongue. She did not dare to carry on the combat as she looked on the contorted features and motionless limbs of the poor wretch as he lay on his bed. On her mind came the conviction that this was partly her work, and that if she now spoke above her breath, those around her would accuse her of her cruelty. So she slunk about into corners, whispering now and again with her husband, and quickly took herself off, leaving the task of nursing the old man to the higher courage of her sister.

And Maryanne's courage sufficed for the work. Now that she had a task before her she did it;—as she would have done her household tasks had she become the wife of Brisket or of Robinson. To the former she would have been a good wife, for he would have required no softness. She would have been true to him, tending him and his children;—scolding them from morning to night, and laying, not unfrequently, a rough hand upon them. But for this Brisket would not have cared. He would have been satisfied, and all would have been well. It is a thousand pities that, in that matter, Brisket could not have seen his way.

And now that her woman's services were really needed, she gave them to her father readily. It cannot be said that she was a cheerful nurse.

Had he been in a state in which cheerfulness would have relieved him, her words would have again been sharp and pointed. She was silent and sullen, thinking always of the bad days that were coming to her. But, nevertheless, she was attentive to him,—and during the time of his terrible necessity even good to him. It is so natural to women to be so, that I think even Regan would have nursed Lear, had Lear's body become impotent instead of his mind. There she sat close to his bed, and there from time to time Robinson would visit her. In those days they always called each other George and Maryanne, and were courteous to each other, speaking solely of the poor old sick man, who was so near to them both. Of their former joint hopes, no word was spoken then; nor, at any rate as regards the lady, was there even a thought of love. As to Jones, he very rarely came there. He remained in the shop below; where the presence of some member of the firm was very necessary, for, in these days, the number of hands employed had become low.

"I suppose it's all up down there," she said one day, and as she spoke she pointed towards the shop. At this time her father had regained his consciousness, and had recovered partially the use of his limbs. But even yet he could not speak so as to be understood, and was absolutely helpless. The door of his bedroom was open, and Robinson was sitting in the front room, to which it opened.

"I'm afraid so," said he. "There are creditors who are pressing us; and now that they have been frightened about Mr. Brown, we shall be sold up."

"You mean the advertising people?"

"Yes: the stationer and printer, and one or two of the agents. The fact is, that the money, which should have satisfied them, has been frittered away uselessly."

"It's gone at any rate," said she. "He hasn't got it," and she pointed to her father.

"Nor have I," said Robinson. "I came into it empty-handed, and I shall go out as empty. No one shall say that I cared more for myself than for the firm. I've done my best, and we have failed. That's all."

"I am not going to blame you, George. My look-out is bad enough, but I will not say that you did it. It is worse for a woman than for a man. And what am I to do with him?" And again she pointed towards the inner room. In answer to this Robinson said something as to the wind being tempered for the shorn lamb. "As far as I can see," she continued, "the sheep is best off that knows how to keep its own wool. It's always such cold comfort as that one gets, when the world means to thrust one to the wall. It's only the sheep that lets themselves be shorn. The lions and the tigers know how to keep their own coats on their own backs. I believe the wind blows colder on poor naked wretches than it does on those as have their carriages to ride in. Providence is very good to them that know how to provide for themselves."

"You are young," said he, "and beautiful —"

"Psha!"

"You will always find a home if you require one."

"Yes; and sell myself! I'll tell you what it is, George Robinson: I wish to enter no man's home, unless I can earn my meat there by my work. No man shall tell me that I am eating his bread for nothing. As for love, I don't believe in it. It's all very well for them as have nothing to do and nothing to think of,—for young ladies who get up at ten in the morning, and ride about with young gentlemen, and spend half their time before their looking-glasses. It's like those poetry books you're so fond of. But it's not meant for them as must earn their bread by their own sweat. You talk about love, but it's only madness for the like of you."

"I shall talk about it no more."

"You can't afford it, George; nor yet can't I. What a man wants in a wife is some one to see to his cooking and his clothes; and what a woman wants is a man who can put a house over her head. Of course, if she have something of her own, she'll have so much the better house. As for me, I've got nothing now."

"That would have made no difference with me." Robinson knew that he was wrong to say this, but he could not help it. He knew that he would be a madman if he again gave way to any feeling of tenderness for this girl, who could be so hard in her manner, so harsh in her speech, and whose temperament was so utterly unsuited to his own. But as she was hard and harsh, so was he in all respects the reverse. As she had told him over and over again, he was tender-hearted even to softness.

"No; it wouldn't," she replied. "And, therefore, with all your cleverness, you are little better than a fool. You have been working hard and living poor these two years back, and what better are you? When that old man was weak enough to give you the last of his money, you didn't keep a penny."

"Not a penny," said Robinson, not without some feeling of pride at his heart.

"And what the better are you for that? Look at them Joneses; they have got money. When the crash comes, they won't have to walk out into the street. They'll start somewhere in a little way, and will do very well."

"And would you have had me become a thief?"

"A thief! You needn't have been a thief. You needn't have taken it out of the drawers as some of them did. I couldn't do that myself. I've been sore tempted, but I could never bring myself to that." Then she got up, and went to her father, and Robinson returned again to the figures that were before him.

"What am I to do with him?" she again said, when she returned. "When he is able to move, and the house is taken away from us, what am I to do with him? He's been bad to me, but I won't leave him."

"Neither will I leave him, Maryanne."

"That's nonsense. You've got nothing, no more than he has; and he's not your flesh and blood. Where would you have been now, if we'd been married on that day?"

"I should have been nearer to him in blood, but not truer to him as a partner."

"It's lucky for you that your sort of partnership needn't last for ever. You've got your hands and your brain, and at any rate you can work. But who can say what must become of us? Looking at it all through, George, I have been treated hard; haven't I, now?"

He could only say that of such hard treatment none of it rested on his conscience. At such a moment as this he could not explain to her that had she herself been more willing to trust in others, more prone to believe in Providence, less hard and worldly, things would have been better with her. Even now, could she have relaxed into tenderness for half an hour, there was one at her elbow who would have taken her at once, with all that burden of a worn-out, pauper parent, and have poured into her lap all the earnings of his life. But Maryanne Brown could not relax into tenderness, nor would she ever deign to pretend that she could do so.

The first day on which Mr. Brown was able to come out into the sitting-room was the very day on which Brown, Jones, and Robinson were declared bankrupts. Craddock and Giles, the stationers of St. Mary Axe, held bills of theirs, as to which they would not—or probably could not—wait; and the City and West End Commercial and Agricultural Joint-Stock Bank refused to make any further advances. It was a sad day; but one, at least, of the partners felt relieved when the blow had absolutely fallen, and the management of the affairs of the shop was taken out of the hands of the firm.

"And will we be took to prison?" asked Mr. Brown. They were almost the first articulate words which he had been heard to utter since the fit had fallen on him; and Robinson was quick to assure him that no such misfortune would befall him.

"They are not at all bitter against us," said Robinson; they know we have done our best."

"And what will they do with us?" again asked Mr. Brown.

"We shall have a sale, and clear out everything, and pay a dividend; and then the world will be open to us for further efforts."

"The world will never be open to me again," said Mr. Brown. "And if I had only have kept the money when I had it——"

"Mr. Brown," said Robinson, taking him by the hand, "you are ill now, and, seen through the sickly hue of weakness and infirmity, affairs look bad and distressing; but ere long you will regain your strength."

"No, George, I shall never do that."

On this day the business of the shop still went on, but the proceeds of such sales as were made were carried to the credit of the assignees.

Mr. Jones was there throughout the day, doing nothing, and hardly speaking to any one. He would walk slowly from the front of the shop to the back, and then returning would stand in the doorway, rubbing his hands one over the other. When any female of specially smart appearance entered the shop, he would hand to her a chair, and whisper a few words of oily courtesy; but to those behind the counter he did not speak a word. In the afternoon Mrs. Jones made her appearance, and when she had been there a few minutes, was about to raise the counter door and go behind; but her husband took her almost roughly by the arm, and muttering something to her, caused her to leave the shop. "Ah, I knew what such dishonest doings must come to," she said, as she went her way. "And, what's more, I know who's to blame." And yet it was she and her husband who had brought this ruin on the firm.

"George," said Mr. Brown, that evening, "I have intended for the best,—I have indeed."

"Nobody blames you, sir."

"You blame me about Maryanne."

"No, by heaven: not now."

"And she blames me about the money; but I've meant it for the best,—I have indeed."

All this occurred on a Saturday, and on that same evening Robinson attended at his debating club, for the express purpose of explaining to the members the state of his own firm. "It shall never be thrown in my teeth," said he, "that I became a bankrupt and was ashamed to own it." So he got up and made a speech, in which he stated that Brown, Jones, and Robinson had failed, but that he could not lay it to his own charge that he had been guilty of any omission or commission of which he had reason to be ashamed as a British merchant. This is mentioned here, in order that a fitting record may be made of the very high compliment which was paid to him on the occasion by old Pancabinet.

"Most worthy Grand," said old Pan, and as he spoke he looked first at the chairman and then down the long table of the room, "I am sure I may truly say that we have all of us heard the statement made by the enterprising and worthy Goose with sentiments of regret and pain; but I am equally sure that we have none of us heard it with any idea that either dishonour or disgrace can attach itself in the matter to the name of ——" (Order, order, order.) "Worthy Geese are a little too quick," continued the veteran debater with a smile—"to the name of—one whom we all so highly value." (Hear, hear, hear.) And then old Pancabinet moved that the enterprising and worthy Goose was entitled to the full confidence of the chamber. Crowdy magnanimously seconded the motion, and the resolution, when carried, was communicated to Robinson by the worthy Grand. Having thanked them in a few words, which were almost inaudible from his emotion, he left the chamber, and immediately afterwards the meeting was adjourned.

Fish Culture.

Of the multitude of tourists who annually stop at Bâle, on entering Switzerland, few are aware that within the distance of a pleasant walk from the town there may be seen in operation, at the village of Huningue, an establishment organized for carrying on a new and curious species of industry, which is now being extended over the greater part of continental Europe, namely, the breeding of fish by artificial means. The piscicultural dépôt at Huningue is well worth seeing, although it is not mentioned in some of the popular continental hand-books, which dilate more upon the scenery and architectural features of places than on their industrial characteristics; and thus the great laboratory which is giving new life to the fisheries of France is known only to a few. Nor, whilst dwelling on the scenery of the Vosges, do the guide-books allude to a pursuit followed in these and the surrounding districts—the collection of fish-eggs, which took its rise at La Bresse, and was originally carried on by Joseph Remy, a simple fisherman of that place, who was the first in France to hit upon the new method of fish-breeding.

This peasant fisherman, seeing the annually increasing scarcity of fresh-water fish, bethought himself of studying the habits of those denizens of the rivers, and speedily arrived at the conclusion that the enormous waste of eggs was one of the principal causes of the ever-declining supply. Remy saw that tens of thousands of the eggs never came to life, being either wasted through exposure, or preyed upon by enemies. To collect from the spawning-grounds, and protect the eggs in boxes placed in the running streams, was the first idea which the fisherman of La Bresse formed of pisciculture, but those rudimentary plans were speedily improved upon as experience and knowledge came to his aid. Although practised in France as a new art, it is certain that pisciculture, in far more complicated shapes, was well known to ancient nations. In China an effective system of collecting and transporting fish and fish-eggs to great distances has existed for ages, nothing being required in the case of the live fish but a frequent change of water, and failing that, the introduction into the jars of the yolk of an egg. The ancient Romans, who were adepts in those arts of luxury applicable to the pleasures of the table, were ingenious pisciculturists, and had modes of operating on fish, with reference to their growth and flavour, which are entirely lost to us. Among other stories of Roman art in connection with fish, is one indicating that certain kinds could be so trained as to live in wine, and that fresh-water varieties could be induced to live and breed in the sea, and salt-water fish be so acclimatized as to exist in fresh-water ponds and inland rivers.

It is quite certain that pisciculture, as now understood, was successfully practised more than a century ago in Germany, at which time an elaborate treatise was published on the subject by a Mr. Jacobi; this work, which was written in the German language, was translated into Latin, and published by Duhamel du Monceau in his general treatise on fishes. So that, in any case, the honours claimed for France as the discovery ground of this very curious art, fall to the ground. Besides, it is certain that, as applicable to the study of the growth and habits of fish, the art was practised in Britain before it became a commercial adjunct of the French fisheries. Pisciculture originated in Scotland in connection with what is termed "the parr controversy," a long-continued dispute as to the growth of the salmon in its earlier stages. In order to demonstrate that the "parr" was undoubtedly the young of the salmon, Mr. Shaw collected the eggs of that fish from the spawning beds, and, confining them in a protected place, watched them into life, and noted their growth and progress closely till they became "smolts;" and in order that his experiments might be perfect, he personally caught the native fish, despoiled it of its eggs, and placed the "parr" question beyond doubt by hatching spawn that he knew to be that of the salmon. In those experiments—began in the year 1833, carried on for five years, the results of which were published in 1840—Mr. Shaw was corroborated by Mr. Young, of Invershin, a gentleman of ability as a practical naturalist, who had likewise resorted to the artificial method in connection with the same controversy. It is important to note that the discovery of the fisherman of La Bresse took place in 1842; and it is suggested, therefore, that while to the French nation belongs the merit of making a commercial use of the discovery, the far higher honour of the successful application of pisciculture to the requirements of science must be awarded to the hard-headed sons of Scotland.

Before the piscicultural era, the fisheries of France had become completely exhausted. The river and coast fishings of that extensive empire were not, according to the report of M. Coste, at that period of more value than the rental of one of our Scottish salmon streams. Fish is so much a necessity of life in all Roman Catholic countries, as before the Reformation it was also in Britain, that there is a more than ordinary drain on the streams and seas of the Continent; and this, coupled with the almost fabulous loss of eggs and young fish incidental to the natural spawning system, led to the depopulation of the rivers. It was this poverty of fish that incited the peasant of La Bresse to his discovery. His occupation as a fisherman was failing, when he luckily bethought himself of putting an end to the destruction of unprotected eggs by collecting them and nursing them into life, under his own eye, in the running streams where he pursued his daily avocation. The next step was easy. Why take the trouble, which involved great labour, of collecting the eggs from the spawning ground individually? Would it not be a better plan to capture the fish, and obtain the eggs on what may

be called the wholesale plan—that is, by extruding them from the body of the fish and mixing them with milt, placing them at once under protection in order to be hatched, and then, by feeding them in their infantile stages till they were able to protect themselves, so prepare them for their life in the great streams? Aided by M. Gehin, a clever coadjutor, this was Remy's next step. The per-centage of gain on any given stream by this method is very considerable, as we know from what has been achieved in Ireland and on the river Tay.

The progress of fish-breeding did not stop at this stage. They knew better in France than to nip so valuable a discovery in the bud for want of encouragement. The piscicultural operations at La Bresse at once excited a large amount of local enthusiasm; and it was no sooner observable, after a few months' practice, that the trout and other native fishes of the streams of the Vosges were increasing, literally by tens of thousands, than Dr. Haxo, the secretary of one of the emulative societies of the district, drew the attention of the Government of the day, and also of the Academy, to what had been accomplished. The importance of the plan adopted by Remy was at once seen; the Government aided it with money and protection, and ultimately grafted pisciculture on one of its imperial departments, employing Gehin and Remy to conduct the practical part of the business. Stream after stream was reseeded with finny inhabitants, and all the plans so well carried out, that experiments were speedily projected, having for their object the improvement of the coast fisheries of France, which were also in a most impoverished state. Maritime pisciculture, it was thought, would be as easy, under the guidance of proper engineers, as the processes of restocking the rivers had been. M. Coste soon overcame all difficulties by laying down oyster-beds on various parts of the coast, and also by propagating the different kinds of flat fish; and having continued these operations for twelve years, there can now be no doubt of their success.

To facilitate these various enterprises, an establishment, in the nature of a piscicultural laboratory, was erected some years ago, on a large scale, at Huningue, near Bâle, on the Rhine. From this establishment millions of the eggs of all the species of fish usually cultivated in the country, particularly those having large eggs, as the Danube salmon, Ombre chevalier, &c., have been distributed to the chief rivers of France. Canals, ponds, and marshes have likewise been stocked, and new places have been constructed to grow eels and other appropriate fish. Few of the eggs are brought to maturity in Huningue; it suits better to send them away when nearly hatched. Packed among wet moss, enclosed in wooden boxes, they can be sent to great distances: some have gone quite safely that required to be on their journey as long as ten days. Although not more than two miles distant from Bâle, and with grounds nicely laid out, there is a certain want of interest about the establishment at Huningue, inasmuch as they do not, as a rule, hatch the eggs in large quantities. Although there are always a few thousand fish in the place, it is a rule

only to supply eggs. People are paid to collect these from the rivers and lakes of Switzerland, and also to procure them from the Rhine and the Danube. The trade thus created affords employment to a great number of industrious people, who are paid at the rate of 1s. 8d. per thousand. The spawn of a fish weighing twenty pounds would yield to the pisciculturist a sum of 1l. 13s. 4d. The eggs of some of the fresh-water fish are too minute to be operated upon pisciculturally—these must just be left to chance. Pike, tench, carp, &c. allow a vast per-centage of their eggs to be lost; indeed they are nearly all lost, except such as are caught on those leaves and weeds which overhang the river. The eggs of such fish may be numbered by millions; but, from their being exposed to all kinds of accidents, and from their being devoured in wholesale quantities, only a small per-centage ever comes to life: it is not an exaggeration to say that of some species perhaps not one egg in each hundred ever becomes a marketable fish. In addition to serving as a commercial dépôt, the naturalist has rare facilities at Huningue to study the development of the fish, as the hatching-boxes are all under cover, and therefore easy to observe. Indeed, the progress of the egg (and these are there in all stages of progress), can be noted from day to day, and its various changes observed. These are so gradual that it requires a keen observer to hit upon the points. It is not, for instance, till about the tenth day, according to Agassiz, that the form of the embryo can be distinguished, and about the thirtieth day signs of the circulation of the blood are observable; and, under favourable circumstances, the fish escapes from its egg about the sixtieth day. Of course, much depends upon the temperature of the water—indeed, the heat of the water is a grand question in all matters relating to fish-life. The salmon eggs in the breeding-boxes at Stormontfield do not hatch so quickly as those described by Agassiz—they require fully one hundred days, and sometimes take four months. Of course they are exposed to the open air; in a warmer atmosphere they would be hatched in half the time. We know of eggs that were hatched in fifty days, but the fish did not live.

The growth and changes incidental to fish life can be best observed through the medium of Pisciculture, for it is impossible amid the depths of seas and oceans to follow the animal from its birth to its death, and note the varied transformations which it must of necessity undergo before it becomes of value for the uses of the table. It would be of great consequence if, by means of some gigantic sea-water pond, we could view the growth of those marine fishes which are important to mankind as a food-resource. We could then tell how long the eggs of the cod and haddock were in coming to life, likewise when the fish arrived at such maturity as to be able to multiply its species; the herring family, the flat fish, and many others of which we are equally ignorant, could also be placed under surveillance, and be reported upon from time to time. Points in the natural history of fish, which have been in debate for ages past, could thus be resolved. In the Logan fish-pond, on the coast of Galloway,

which is only used as a storing place, we have a miniature of what is meant. This pond is but an adjunct to a country gentleman's commissariat, keeping the white fish in prime condition, and ensuring a supply at times when the sea may be so stormy as to preclude the fisherman from venturing out. There might with advantage to science be more of such ponds, only they would require to be on a larger scale than the one at Logan. The experiments at Stormontfield have been in every way so successful, so far as salmon are concerned, as to preclude any doubt of a pond for the growing of sea-fish proving equally important for the solution of questions connected with their growth and transformation. The pond at Logan is only fifty feet in diameter, and about ten feet deep at low water; it would, therefore, require a much larger basin to carry on important investigations in natural history.

The commercial achievements of pisciculture were not long confined to France. Germany soon awakened to their importance, and the Danube salmon, a fish which attains at maturity the enormous weight of 200 pounds, offered a ready subject for experiment. Professor Wimmer, under whose direction various experiments in the propagation of this fish has been made, speaks of it as admirably adapted for the practice of pisciculture, as a fish of eighteen pounds weight yielded the extraordinary number of 40,000 (?) eggs. The hatching of these eggs takes a period of fifty-six days, and the young fish attain a weight of one pound in the course of the first year. The supplies of salmon in the Danube have been sensibly augmented by the operations carried on in the tributaries of that river and elsewhere. It may be noted, also, that this salmon, like our own, migrates from the main stream to its tributaries, but has never been caught in the Black Sea, nor is it known ever to enter the Sulina mouth of the Danube. A fair exchange of eggs has been made between Germany and France, the spawn of the Danube fish being given for that of the common salmon; and Professor Fraas tells us that thousands of young salmon have been produced at Munich from eggs procured at Huningue. Might we not try to breed the Danube salmon in some of our fishless English rivers?

There are, however, curiosities of pisciculture much more wonderful than any that have yet been narrated. The oyster-beds laid down on the sea coasts of France, and the eel-breeding establishment in the lagoons of Comaccio, are notable as achievements in the art of pisciculture. The eel is esteemed a curious fish, and it has been made the theme of many a story and legend. Some people—the Scotch in particular—have so great a prejudice against this fish, that they will not partake of it; but, for all that, eels are wholesome and savoury food, and they can be had in such countless quantities as to form a welcome addition to our unsteady fish supplies. At Comaccio an extensive commerce has been carried on for about three centuries principally in this one fish. This traffic has had its origin in the careful observation of the habits and growth of the eel family: as is well known, the eel migrates to the sea in order to spawn, and the

fry ascend our rivers and canals in order to fatten. In the lagoons at Comaccio an ingenious series of dykes and canals have been provided, in order to facilitate the entrance and exit of the fish. The natural situation of the place is conducive to the commerce carried on there. "The lagoon of Comaccio," says M. Coste, "is situated on the coast of the Adriatic, below the mouth of the Po and the territory of Ravenna, about thirty miles from Ferrara, and forms an immense swamp nearly 140 miles in circumference, and about four feet deep, with a simple strip of earth separating it from the sea; while two rivers, the Reno and the Volano, form this vast swamp into a species of delta, similar to that formed by the Rhone at Camargue."

As a provision for the growth of the enormous herds of serpentine cannibals which are bred in the lagoon, vast quantities of a small fish named the aquadelle are provided; and that their small fry are devoured in countless numbers, is evident from the value which the eels so speedily acquire. A pound weight of eel fry at its entrance into the lagoon will embrace 1,800 young fish, and these will, in the course of a year or two, weigh about four tons, and attain a money value of 41*l.* sterling. The mullet is also assiduously "cultivated" at Comaccio, the rapidity of its growth forming the chief inducement; and when the reader knows that in its infantile state 6,000 mullet go to the pound, while at the expiry of a year each individual weighs four ounces, he will not be surprised that so profitable a trade should be eagerly carried on.

In addition to its engineering attractions, and they are numerous, Comaccio is also remarkable for the social condition of its people. The persons more immediately employed in the fisheries live in barracks, and undergo something akin to military discipline. They receive but scanty wages, and are simple in their habits and modes of life, an allowance of fish forming their staple diet. They have occasional fêtes and rejoicings, most of which are connected with their daily avocation. For instance, when a division of the community succeed on any night in securing a "shot," which weighs 48,000 lbs., a gun is fired, which communicates the glad tidings to the whole community. Next day is held as a holiday, and is devoted to rejoicings of all kinds, and in particular to a splendid dinner cooked from a portion of the captured fish, and washed down by the appropriate wine. The eels begin to ascend from the sea to the lagoon in February, and this emigration lasts for a period of two months, when the sluices are closed and the breeding begins. The supplies are gathered in with great solemnity, religious services being held at the commencement and at intervals throughout the season. Another curious feature of the place lies in the fact that the greater quantity of the produce is sold ready cooked! There is an immense kitchen, where the larger eels are roasted and the smaller fish are fried: there is any quantity of spits, and a perfect brigade of male and female cooks. The extent of the cooking business may be guessed from the fact, that it requires a canal to carry away the oil which exudes from the fish as they are roasting: as the

larger eels are brought into the kitchen they are dexterously prepared for the spit by being cut up into proper lengths, the heads and tails being laid aside as a perquisite for the poor ; the smaller fish, with a slight trimming, are spitted alive. The flat fish are fried with the oil from the eels, in gigantic frying-pans. The scene in the great kitchens of Comaccio, especially when there is a more than ordinary supply of fish, is a very animated one. In addition to the cooked fish, which are sent into the cities of Italy, a portion is sold in a salted state, while another portion is cooked by being boiled alive and then dried by exposure to the air. The inhabitants of this isolated lagoon are hardy and industrious, and much resemble the quaint fishing population of our own shores, as indeed do most of the continental maritime population.

The growth of the oyster may be observed now at most of the fishing towns on the coast of France, and the happy oyster dredgers of Whitstable might take a lesson from their friends over the water, and largely extend their operations. The dredgers at Whitstable have so far adopted oyster culture as to transplant and nurse their oysters, separating their supplies into different qualities, and sending them to market as required. There is one great advantage in dredging for oysters: the young ones can be thrown into the water, there to wait till their beards grow larger. When fishing for cod or other fish, this cannot be done, as the animal is usually killed before it reaches the surface of the water. There is nothing to prevent the Whitstable men going a step farther than they do at present, and breeding their "natives" from the "spat." M. Coste has superintended the laying down of a great number of new oyster-beds on the coasts of France, and likewise reseeded a number that had been exhausted by over-dredging. His mode of engineering an oyster-bed is exceedingly simple, and is founded on the knowledge that all that is required to secure a few millions of oysters, is a resting-place for the "spat." It is well known to those versed in the economic history of our fisheries, that the greatest waste arises from the non-ripening of the eggs. Countless millions never come to life at all, and consequently are just that number of fish lost to our commissariat. It is the same with the oyster; for want of a resting-place, seven-eighths of the spawn is lost. M. Coste's idea is to provide the necessary resting-place. He makes up a foundation of old bricks, tiles, fragments of pottery-ware and shells; and over these he plants a forest of strong stakes, round which are twined luxuriant branches to which the seedling oyster may become attached; and then, laying down a parent stock of breeders, he patiently awaits the result, knowing well that in the course of four years there will be an abundant supply of marketable oysters. Even as we write there arrives news of the truth of M. Coste's "practical theories," for do we not read of a little rejoicing that has just taken place at the opening of one of the new oyster-beds in the river Auray? The dredgers employed procured 350,000 oysters in the short space of an hour! In the evening there was an illumination of the little fishing-town, and dancing was carried on on the beach with great spirit

till a late hour by the happy fisher folk. This fête of these dredgers is a type of the interest which the French people take in the piscicultural operations now being carried on for their benefit. All are interested in their success, and know about them, from the Emperor downwards. Even the children are "up" in the subject, and can talk about it in an intelligible style. Having made anxious personal inquiry on the subject in various parts of France, we can testify to this fact; and the exhibition at the College of France of some of the experiments, taught the people personally how it was all achieved. The gigantic Aquarium now opened in the Garden of Acclimatization in the Bois de Boulogne will still further interest the Parisians, as it contains a model of an oyster-bed on the artificial system, as also samples of the various native fishes that have been reared on the artificial plan, as well as others that the French *savans* propose to naturalize. The structure was not quite finished at the time of our visit, but in dimensions and design it bade fair to fulfil the purpose for which it was intended.

The piscicultural system is, of course, of the greatest value when taken in connection with our largest fishes or our most important fisheries. The salmon of Britain and the salmon of the Danube are undoubtedly of such value as to be worth cultivating in quantity; and it is certain that public attention is now being awakened to the breeding of fishes on a large scale; and we have some hopes of operations being speedily commenced on one or other of our large English rivers. Mr. Thomas Ashworth, who was one of the earliest in this country to foresee the importance of pisciculture, and who takes a warm interest in the breeding and preservation of salmon, is about to extend his operations in Ireland. Preparations, he tells us in a recent communication, have been made upon the estates of Lord Plunket, at Tourmakeady, on Lough Mask, and various other suitable situations, on the streams all round Loughs Mask and Corrib, and on the river Rabe. All the great district above the lough will be supplied with fish, and it is a fact that hitherto no salmon have been known to exist in that district, in consequence of the passage from Corrib to Mask having been through cavern and rocks, and therefore inaccessible to fish. An opening having lately been made for the fish to pass up, it is certain to be used by the salmon after they have been introduced into the upper streams; and by this plan waste rivers and waters that are now unproductive will be cultivated. This artificial fish passage is a capital example of engineering skill; it is about two miles in length, cut about five yards wide, and has nearly thirty feet of fall in it. This new district, if properly worked, will undoubtedly turn out a profitable supply of Irish salmon; and now-a-days, with railway and steamboat careering through the country, there is a ready market within an hour or two's distance for any quantity of this fine fish.

Does fish-breeding pay? is, of course, an important question. But the answer is entirely favourable; the financial results of pisciculture are

highly encouraging. At the Stormontfield ponds, on the river Tay, the only expense beyond the construction of the breeding-beds, and the necessary reservoirs and runlets, is the small annual charge for wages to "Peter of the Pools," the faithful nurse of the young salmon, there being scarcely any other money cost. In fact, per individual fish, the annual money charge is not appreciable. The ponds at Stormontfield have had a marked effect on the produce of the Tay, having increased the rental, and consequently the annual profit, by at least ten per cent., affording good interest for the capital expended. The charges incurred in the construction of the French oyster-beds are not at all extravagant, the material used being of the simplest and most inexpensive description, much of it mere rubbish, helps to lessen the sum total. The full cost of an oyster-bed is less than ten pounds. As an example of the figures, we may cite the debtor and creditor account of the bank which has been constructed off the coast of Brittany at St. Brieux; and we shall adopt the official figures of M. Laviciare, commissary of the maritime inscription. These inform us that three fascines, selected by chance from an oyster-bank laid down in the year 1859, contained 20,000 oysters each! "The expense of laying down the bank in question was 9*l.* 4*s.* 2*d.*, and if each of the fascines [300] laid down be multiplied by 20,000, 6,000,000 oysters will be obtained, and these at 1*s.* 8*d.* per thousand will yield a revenue of 5,000*l.*!"—an immense profit to obtain with so small an outlay of capital and labour. Then, again, in the case of the Danube salmon, we find that to procure the eggs a sum of 1*s.* 8*d.* per thousand has to be expended; but as each thousand grows to the extent of 16 ounces the first year, and as a pound weight of the fish is worth 10*d.*, it follows that the seed which cost 1*s.* 8*d.* is worth in twelve months, with scarcely any expenditure, a sum of 41*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* At Comaccio, too, the profits are large, as the fish grow rapidly. The quantity cultivated in the lagoon is positively fabulous; the average annual take, after letting away a sufficient quantity of breeding fish and providing for the food of the people, is 1,000,000 pounds in weight, and some years it has been nearly double that amount.

From a detailed statement issued by the French Government, the following figures may be cited as an evidence of the commercial success of the piscicultural system in France. The money value of the fish caught in the navigable rivers, canals, and estuaries has been estimated at 602,640*l.* per annum; this amount is derived, it must be borne in mind, from a very large territory, embracing 114,889 miles of water-courses and 493,750 acres of lakes and ponds. The fish-ponds of Doombes alone cover a surface equal to 34,580 acres! These results are really marvellous when we consider Coste's statement, that the whole fisheries of France were not, twenty years ago, of greater value than the annual rent of a Scottish salmon river.

The Winter in Canada.

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 “Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky,
 And icy mountains, high on mountains piled,
 Seem to the shivering sailors from afar,
 Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.”—

THOMSON'S *Winter*.

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THE New Year's salutation to everybody supposed to have experience in the Canadas, was—"Do you think our troops will get up to Quebec?" accompanied with the remark, "Poor fellows, if they cannot get up the river, what a dreadful march it will be for them over all that ice and snow!" While we are writing there is no intelligence of the expedition, and the truth is, that very few people in England can give an opinion on the subject, even though they may have spent several years in Canada, or the Lower Provinces. There are not many, even in Canada itself, who have any knowledge of the Lower St. Lawrence in winter. From Rivière du Loup to Gaspé, a distance of nearly 350 miles, there is no place of any importance to which people, commercially or otherwise engaged, are in the habit of travelling. The country is very thinly inhabited, and only here and there some neat-looking French cottages, with the wooden church invariably attached to every settlement along the banks, remind the summer voyager on the St. Lawrence that he has left behind him the good old Saxon villages of brick and thatch, and is in a country that was a hundred years ago under Gallic rule. He wonders if there can be those Arctic scenes he has read of, where the pretty little wooden cottages, and the picturesque and verdant scenery around them, seem suggestive of nothing but summer and sunshine. By people in Upper Canada it is considered bad enough to go as far as Quebec, when legislative duties or the necessities of business summon them to the capital of the Lower Province; but, beyond it, neither Upper nor Lower Canadians have cause to venture after the close of navigation. Consequently very few people know anything of the river at this time of year below the terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway. This line of railroad terminates at Rivière du Loup, a small watering-place 120 miles from Quebec, and on the opposite side of the river. A few miles farther down the stream, and on the same side, is the village of Cacouna, the so-called seaside of Canada. In summer, when the excess of temperature is equally great, and the thousand tin roofs of Montreal, Kingston, and Quebec, each reflecting a mimic sun little inferior to the February original in London, have roused even the sternest devotees of business to a feeling of uneasiness under heat, and dust, and conjugal expostulations, whole families

migrate to summer quarters at Cacouna. The air is cool and refreshing, and the monotony of existence at a watering-place may be varied by excursions up the famous Saquenay, which mingles its stream with the St. Lawrence almost exactly opposite Cacouna. So far, then, there is no doubt that many people have seen, and can speak of, the Lower St. Lawrence; but tourists and others, who have only seen this part of the country in summer, cannot form the smallest conception of what it is in winter, and they are as much dependent on books, and papers descriptive of winter in Canada, as persons who have never crossed the Atlantic at all.

Premising, then, that before this reaches our readers the result of all our ships' attempts to navigate the St. Lawrence will be known, before entering on a general description of the climate, sports, country, and society of Canada, we will anticipate some of the incidents which will mark the progress of our troops. Their first instructions are to steam to Rivière du Loup, whence in a few hours they can be conveyed to any part of the province where their presence may be required, or where accommodation may be most conveniently found. Failing the possibility of reaching Rivière du Loup, they will attempt disembarkation at Bic, a small island on the same side of the river, with an anchorage of unusual extent and security. This will necessitate a march of sixty miles, through Trois Pistoles and Cacouna to the railway. Should it be found impracticable even to get as far as Bic, their only alternative then is to put about, and round Cape Breton for Halifax. All accounts hitherto received concur in an opinion that the present is an unusually late winter in the Lower Provinces, and it is therefore probable that all the vessels will reach Bic or Rivière du Loup.

It takes many weeks of most intense frost to form such fields of ice in the St. Lawrence as will impede the progress of a screw steamer. The influence of tide is felt in the St. Lawrence several miles higher up the river than Quebec, and is a considerable drawback to the formation of continuous ice. Added to this, there is running past Quebec the overflow of all the great lakes, and the drainage of the St. Lawrence and its tributaries for 500 miles. Consequently it is a very rare thing, even in the hardest winters, for the river at Quebec to be completely frozen over. Large irregular masses of ice float about in the stream, jostling each other with ominous sounds, by no means pleasing to the sensitive traveller, who is crossing for the first time in a canoe of the *voyageurs* from the station at Point Levi to the city of Quebec. There is more positive hardship and exposure in this short journey across the river, which everybody coming from the west is obliged to make, than in a whole day's sleighing along a well-worn road such as that between Bic and Rivière du Loup. Wrapped up in buffalo robes, with fur cap and gauntlets on, and a blanket coat with a red sash round the waist, and its *capote* drawn over his head, the French Canadian *habitant* gives us no bad substitute for the picturesque appearance of the Indian *aborigines*. Leaning well back, with his legs pressing firmly against the splashboard of his cutter or carrieo; the ther-

mometer, perhaps, twenty degrees below zero, and a sky of the clearest azure over his head; no gravel grating wheel-tires; no noise but the merry jingle of his sleigh bells and the regular beat of his horses' feet; he shouts encouragement to his steed in the high-pitched *patois* of his countrymen, and glides along as comfortable and independent as the first nobleman in the land rolling through Hyde Park in the fashionable winter equipage of the period. There is nothing more thoroughly exhilarating than the noiseless, smooth sliding of the iron runners over frozen snow, behind a pair of thoroughbred Canadian ponies, going, as the Americans say, at 2:40 gait, without a touch of the whip.

In case it should be found necessary for any of the later steamers to disembark their troops at Bic, it is probable that sleighs can be sent down from above in sufficient numbers to transport all, or the majority, of the men and stores. Their arrival in the river will be known in Quebec from the telegraph-station at Father Point, long before the ships are even abreast of the village. In moderate weather the troops can lie off the telegraph-station, 180 miles from Quebec, long enough to admit of communication with and an answer from head-quarters. The river is twenty-five miles in width there, although ninety miles from its actual mouth. It is a country of extremes, and Nature conducts all her operations in North America on a gigantic scale. The lakes are inland seas; the rivers are as wide as what the men of Dover and Holyhead call channels; what is called in England a home-view, is a thing quite unknown in Canada and the Western States; their woods are forests, and their plains are prairies; the hottest and coldest days at Quebec show every year a variation of a hundred and twenty degrees; their fair weather is the most beautiful in the world, and there are days rough, foul and dingy as Erebus; their winds are often hurricanes, and rain falls often like an avalanche. That the country is not mountainous may be gathered from the fact that for 900 miles along the whole extent of the Grand Trunk railroad, which nowhere makes any very great détour, there is not one tunnel, and very few cuttings of any considerable depth. There are many steep, abrupt eminences in the province, and it is remarkable that many of these exist where the character of the surrounding scenery is flat. Perhaps the most celebrated are the mountain at Montreal, the Citadel of Quebec, Fort Henry at Kingston, the Heights of Queenston, and the Barrack Hill at Ottawa. All these elevations have great rivers, such as the Ottawa, the St. Lawrence, or the Niagara, flowing at their feet, and it is not too much to say that the scenery of Canada is mainly dependent for its magnificence on the wonderful intersection of the country by lakes and rivers. The splendid valley of Dundas is the only exception that occurs to us, and even there the hills command a view of the pretty Bay of Burlington.

If any of our troops are obliged to cross from St. John, New Brunswick, during the ensuing winter, the discomfort most to be apprehended on the march is from a thaw. The January thaw is inevitable, and for four or

five days the snow melts, the streets and roads are covered with water, and everything looks wet, dirty, and dismal. This thaw once over, the people expect three months of dry, cold, healthy weather; their spirits rise with the fall of the mercury; the sun shines brighter perhaps than in the thaw, and the dazzling surface of the snow resumes its cleanly crispness, not to be sullied again until the first rains of spring, and warmer winds from the tropics, bid it vanish for ever. Much has been, and before this article is in print, much more will be written about this overland march from St. John. For ourselves, we state a deliberate preference for making the journey in winter. The roads are better than in summer; short cuts over bogs and morasses, impassable in warmer weather, are now eagerly desired by the least adventurous; and the whole distance to be sleighed between St. John and Rivière du Loup can be done quicker and with less fatigue to men and horses. The snowstorms of blinding *poudre*, so prevalent in the Gulf, and off the shores of Newfoundland, may force some of our ships to discharge their cargoes at Halifax; and though it is not a thing to be courted, we have no hesitation in affirming that gross exaggerations have been circulated with reference to the hardships of a winter march through New Brunswick. There are good roads, and frequent halting-places; there are even some of the old block-houses of the last war now standing on the *route*, and the last part of the journey is over a new government road. We are not writing a history of our travels, nor a winter guide-book for future followers in our course, or we would enumerate the circumstances which lead us to this expression of opinion. From Halifax a railway runs through Nova Scotia to Windsor: thence the route is across the basin of Minas, and down the Bay of Fundy to St. John. In scenery snow is a leveller of all distinctions, and we must not pause to panegyricize the summer landscape of "Evangeline," or the magnificence of Blomidon. Landed at St. John, our road runs nearly north for Canada; through Woodstock to Grand Falls, across the suspension bridge of the River St. John, and along the left bank of the river, here the boundary line of the State of Maine, to Little Falls. There are several small French settlements and stopping places along the road. Thence, saving distance by crossing the ice, our road runs on to the Lake port, and so by the new government road to the St. Lawrence. A longer description of this journey, which is nearly 200 miles long, would be out of place; we have described the process of sleighing, and country sleighs, which are little more than wooden floors or boxes mounted on runners, can quickly be put together on any emergency. Cold is not to be feared half so much as a drizzle of sleet or the January thaw.

By whatever route our soldiers enter Canada, they go by Grand Trunk Railway to Quebec, or rather to Point Levi on the opposite side, and so along the south bank of the St. Lawrence to the Victoria Bridge at Montreal. Passing through the tubes of this wonderful structure, nearly two miles long, and 100 feet high, they arrive at Montreal, a city with a population of 100,000 inhabitants, and the real and commercial, though

not the legislative capital of Canada. From Montreal the Railway runs in an uninterrupted line along the north bank of the St. Lawrence to Kingston, Toronto, London, and so on to the shores of Lake Huron. In an emergency like the present we learn to appreciate the value of this artery of communication running along the whole extent of the Canadas, connecting all military posts, and carrying life-blood to towns and villages, which would otherwise, to this moment, have been the site of only towering pines and primeval bush. The location of the line along the very frontier of the country, and for some distance on what may be called the American side of the river, is a misfortune, but not a fault. Towns and railways are as cause and effect; but in process of time they change positions, and new settlements become the effect instead of the cause. In Canada the earliest settlements, of course, sprung up on the banks of the first and natural highway of the country, and it was an accident that the St. Lawrence became the boundary-line of a province.

Whilst, however, due attention is paid to the maintenance of railway communication, the importance of the lakes, rivers, and canals need not be overlooked. In 1812-14, the Americans kept two objects constantly in view: the friendship of the Indians, and the mastery of the lakes. Time, which has removed the possibility of one, has greatly increased the importance of the other. At the close of the war it was agreed between the high contracting parties that neither power should build or maintain a naval establishment on the lakes. This part of the treaty has been scrupulously observed at all events on the side of the colonists. The wharves and storehouses in Navy Bay, the head-quarters of the old marine at Kingston, have long ago sunk into ruin and decay, and there is not a vestige left of the old ships forwarded from England in pieces, and, as the story goes, fitted with large immovable water tanks, to float over the freshwater waves of Ontario! Though the Americans have numerous steamers on the lakes, which can be hastily adapted to war purposes during the winter, and, with armaments and equipments forwarded by rail from New York, could do much to annoy, perhaps endanger, our towns and railroads, before gunboats could be forwarded through the locks, the clause in the treaty must still be considered an advantage to England. The Erie Canal, from the foot of Lake Erie to the Hudson at Albany, is not wide enough for the passage of the smallest corvette, whereas it is not certain that even our heavy despatch boats cannot be so lightened as to make the passage of the St. Lawrence canals. By the aid of this wonderful series of locks vessels surmount the rapids of the St. Lawrence; and sailing up Lake Ontario, pass through another line of locks on the Welland Canal, built to connect Erie and Ontario, whose only natural connection is by the river Niagara, which falls 334 feet in its short course of 36 miles! For offensive and defensive operations a flotilla of gunboats on the lakes is virtually indispensable; at the same time they cannot be sent there without a declaration of war with America. Though all the towns on Lake Ontario may admit of fortification, by a system of earthworks to

guard their approaches, the general commanding would find himself thwarted and outmanœuvred in every direction were the mastery of the lakes in any hands but our own.

We learn a few facts of interest at the present moment by reference to a Blue-book published at the close of last year, relating to Colonial and other possessions of the United Kingdom. In 1859 the American vessels passing through Canadian canals, showed an equality in numbers, and an actual excess in tonnage over our own. The largest ships which passed seem to have been of about 420 tons, or double the measurement of many of our gunboats. These were probably wheat-laden vessels bound direct from Chicago to Liverpool, that is to say, vessels drawing less than ten feet of water, and consequently able to make the passage of the locks, as well as the Atlantic, in safety. This fact proves the feasibility of a naval establishment on the lakes, sent direct from our dockyards in England, should there ever be occasion to want their services. At the same time the fact of so many American owned vessels, engaged in the carrying trade of the St. Lawrence and Upper Lakes, using our canals, reveals in a startling manner the working of the Reciprocity Treaty, and demands that some remedy should be applied to the obvious disadvantages to Canadian ship-owners.

We will now turn our attention to the defences already existing in Canada. The last accounts from the Lake country speak of earthworks, built under the supervision of General Williams, along the western entrance to the harbour of Toronto. What is called "the Gap," at the eastern extremity of the opposite island, can be rendered useless by the removal of the buoys. This city of 50,000 inhabitants, and the metropolis of Upper Canada, is otherwise totally unprotected; for of old forts and rotting block-houses—of no more use against rifled ordnance and the modern munitions of war than so many walls of brown paper—we make no account. It has not been our colonial policy to fortify possessions of this class against possible attack, and the colonists themselves have rather expended their revenue on the improvement and opening up of their country; trusting, as they are entitled to do, to the assistance of imperial troops, where imperial interests are at stake, and providing ample means of their own for the preservation of internal peace and good order. At Kingston there is more show of defence. Moats, battlements, and escarpments, are there, though we are told that they are but a semblance. Fort Henry, the resort of many a merry taboggining party, to the unsophisticated civilian shows an imposing front: official reporters, however, set it down as *nil*. Martello towers, too, dot the circumference of the harbour, and with an Armstrong gun planted on the platform at the top of them, seem of undeniable utility in protecting the entrance of the St. Lawrence, and the Rideau Canal to Ottawa. At the mouth of the Niagara river is our only other fortification along the lake. Within three hundred yards of a similar building on the American side stands Fort St. George, the smaller and less pretentious of the two, but apparently of

greater strength and solidity than the lath-and-plaster-looking barrack on the opposite shore. The city of Niagara—imposing nomenclature—once the seat of government, is now a small village, growing rapidly less. Content with the epitaph, "*Sic transit gloria mundi*," it might with advantage transfer its illustrious name to the village and town rapidly springing up in the more immediate neighbourhood of the Falls, which are fifteen miles beyond what is now called the city of Niagara. It is in this neighbourhood that many events in the history of Canada have taken place the battle of Queenston heights, memorable for the victory and death of Brock; the battle of Lundy's Lane; and in later years, the celebrated seizure of the *Caroline*. Within the limits of an article such as this, in which it is our wish to present to our readers a general account of the country, its climate, sports, and society, much that is interesting must be omitted. We will henceforth, therefore, confine our attention to the Lake country, without further mention of the famous citadel of Quebec and fortifications of undoubted strength, greatly assisted by the natural position of this transatlantic Gibraltar; as also any notice of Montreal, the fortifications on the opposite island of St. Helen's, or the American preparations on Lake Champlain. We must, however, proceed to give some account of the "bone and sinew," as it is called, and, after all, the most important item in the list of national defences.

The Canadian militia is celebrated in history; and if agricultural industry and peaceful occupations have during late years led them to abandon the sword-hilt for the plough-handle, there is no reason to doubt that in younger veins there still flows the blood of the gallant N. E. Loyalists, and the descendants of those who fought with Carleton and Brock are inspired with the same patriotism and horror of annexation that nerved the hardy muscles of their ancestors. In 1775, during the first aggression of the States after their renunciation of allegiance, it was chiefly owing to the militia of the province that the enemy, after a brief winter campaign, in which Montgomery was killed under the walls of Quebec, were driven back across the frontier. Again, in the war of 1812, when tardy reinforcements from England added but little to the strength of the regulars, it was to the local militia that General Brock and Sir George Prevost were chiefly indebted for successes, which terminated in a peace signed at Ghent in 1814—a peace by no means satisfactory to the Canadians, who were just beginning to turn the tables on the invaders, by frequent inroads upon American territory. By law, every male adult under a certain age is enrolled on the list of the militia. This has been divided into two branches, "the active" and the "sedentary;" both liable to be called out at the will of the Colonial Government. An undue feeling of security, and the universal occupation consequent on business and progress in a new country, have led to a fearful glut of the "sedentary" commodity; and, notwithstanding the efforts here and there of a few zealots, with leisure and ability to encourage military exercises, the regiments of militia, with a few notable exceptions, have given proof of

their existence rather on paper than in the field. We were going to say, "than *in propria persona*;" but the term would not be applicable, for there are few houses in Canada where a militia uniform does not occupy a corner of the wardrobe—to grace the exterior of its owner on grand occasions; more generally, though, under the glittering light of ball-room chandeliers, than under the open canopy of the sky. Nevertheless, in the districts to which we are now confining our attention, there are several well-equipped and well-drilled companies of artillery and rifles, ready at once to render valuable assistance to the forces under General Williams. Of late, the volunteer system has also become extremely popular, and without the assistance of the 10,000 troops now sent to their assistance, we have little doubt that in any event Upper Canada could have held its own till the opening of navigation. Her danger would have been in a compromise between North and South, which would have set at liberty some hundreds of thousands of military rabble, eager for a quarrel and careless of the cause, so long as it resulted in plunder and pay.

Another national defence, of which we have seen no mention lately, is the regiment of Royal Canadian Rifles: and it is to this regiment that Canada has mainly looked of late years for ordinary garrison duty and occasional emergencies. One company has lately been on detachment duty at the Red River settlement, in the far north-west. There is probably no regiment in the service more effective and trustworthy: good conduct and sobriety are the necessary recommendations for admission into its ranks, and it is chiefly composed of married men of long experience in the climate and customs of the country. They are drafted from every regiment of the line, and go to Canada to enjoy the unusual privileges of exemption from other foreign service, and of leave to earn wages additional to their pay, by hiring themselves out for wood-cutting and harvesting in the neighbourhood of their barracks. The advantages of the regiment are so well understood that even the officers can ensure something above the regular price, in exchanging into another regiment, or making absolute sale of their commissions. Men of such experience in the country, even should there be no war to employ them, will be found of great assistance to the troops now despatched across the Atlantic, for the most part, regiments of no experience in the climate, and ignorant of the best precautions to be taken against its effects. Ordinary winter life in Canada is not subject to Arctic severity or dangerous exposure: it is, on the contrary, the most healthful season of the year—dry, bracing and cheerful; but the resources of Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, Toronto, Niagara, and London—the towns in which barracks are to be found—will be severely taxed to find accommodation, and, at first, it is not unlikely that we may hear of some minor inconveniences in consequence of the cram. Where timber is cheap, and saw-mills as thick as blackberries, the erection of wooden huts, furnished with American stoves and challenge-heaters, is only the work of a week or two; and the contractor who published his marvellous statement of the

time in which "a vacant lot," and some hundreds of unhewn logs, were converted into the ever-memorable ball-room built for the Prince at Montreal, may still be in the land of the living, and, whether Canadian or American, probably open to a bargain! Barrack room was not easily found for the troops sent to Canada last summer by the *Great Eastern*; but along the line of the railway any number of troops might be billeted at the towns of Belleville, Cobourg, Hamilton, Guelph, Galt, Goderich, and others, all west of a line drawn from the Georgian Bay, in rear of Toronto, to Kingston, at the entrance of the St. Lawrence, and all connected with head-quarters and each other by the wires of the Montreal Telegraph Company. By these means, at a day's notice, they can be concentrated on any point where there is occasion for their services.

And now for a word or two about the pastimes and amusements of a Canadian winter. Our soldiers will necessarily remain in the province one winter at least; and wherever Englishmen go, sports and athletic exercises follow in their train. The races, paper hunts, and cricket-matches, which marked the spirit of our men before Sebastopol, may, in their way, be repeated out in Canada with tenfold opportunity. At Montreal there is a subscription pack of foxhounds, and the members of the club, not long ago, offered their services to General Williams, in the event of war, as a special body-guard. Their exploits in the chase are necessarily confined to the open weather in the fall and spring of the year. The province is entirely destitute of hedges, which will not stand the severity of the winter; and the fields are bounded with "snake fences," or long rails of timber piled five feet high, and more, on two uprights running in a zig-zag direction: consequently, in hunting vernacular, it is a difficult country, and good nerve and a good timber jumper are indispensable. In weather too hard for hunting, sportsmen can console themselves with sleighing, and drive their horses with the Tandem Club. Snow roads are nothing like the "high hard road" of summer, and properly roughed and shod, horses take no harm even on ice. At Kingston, it is a common thing to see trotting races, in light American sleigh-sulkies, over the ice between the town and Garden Island; and the ordinary winter passage of travellers between Kingston and New York is in a stage, which, for several months, is driven across the twelve miles of ice between the former place and Cape Vincent. Other resources for the energetic are—meetings of the snowshoe club, the curling sheds, skating rinks, or the more obstreperous pastime of taboggining.

Of all these various and exciting amusements, we will endeavour to give our readers a concise account.

Of course, the national game of old Scotia has been imported into a country where for five months in the year ice is the normal condition of all water, save that in the open lakes or at the bottom of a well. "Keen curlers," all attention to the exhortations of their "skip," toe the scratch in every town of the Canadas, with a skill and devotion worthy of the champion district north of the Tweed. In Canada, the curling-stones are

(to use an Irishism) made of wrought iron, usually painted to represent the colour of granite, and are found a great improvement on the stones proper usually seen in Scotland; they are more evenly weighted, less cumbrous, and keep a truer "turn" up to the "tee." The game is played under long sheds, containing two or more parallel rinks, flooded by a hose attached to the nearest hydrant of the fire companies; and the opening of the windows at night is quite sufficient to freeze the water solid to the bottom. The surface of the ice can, of course, be renewed at pleasure. The buildings are fitted with gas, and after the business of the day is over, dignified Scotch merchants, who have long lost the suppleness and activity of youth, betake themselves to the game of skill, and play it with advantage over younger competitors. The watching the great stones slide up the long vista of ice, to make a cannon with the precision of a billiard stroke, the ringing "click" of less gentle concussions, the frantic sweeping of those who wish to hurry their stones, the breathless anxiety with which the skip's last shot is watched, as with a dexterous turn of the handle he sends his stone curling round intervening obstacles, and the hearty mirth with which it is declared to be "in," are all features accounting for the good humour and popularity of the game. Atlantic voyagers, desirous of wiling away the long hours of the passage, amuse themselves with a game played upon the smooth deck of the steamer, in which wooden "shuffles" are used instead of stones, but which is otherwise very similar to curling. Upon these occasions, bets of bottled ale run high, and vary the speculation indulged in as to the day's "run."

But curling is not the only amusement which can be followed, irrespective of the daylight. Large circular buildings may be seen at Quebec, Montreal, and Toronto, with an open arena in the centre, and tiers of seats running round the sides, provided also with gas, and flooded and frozen in the same way that we have described. These are the skating clubs, where morning, afternoon, and evening, ladies and gentlemen may be seen combining the gaiety and evolutions of a ball-room with the out-door skill and activity of the most accomplished performers on the Serpentine. The officers not unfrequently enliven the scene with the music of a military band, and the beautifully-executed figures go merrily on. Under cover, and in a limited space, figure-skating, of course, becomes the fashion, and tyros, male and female, may be seen at peep of day hurrying to the rink, hoping that the wriggles and contortions which precede the acquirement of that ease and apparent absence of force, which mark a finished skater, may escape the observation of more experienced connoisseurs. The ladies, without adopting an ultra-Bloomer costume, dress for the occasion, and seem not unaware that the natural elegance of the movement enhances the personal charms for which Lower Canadians are so justly celebrated. Four months of certain ice every year render the use of skates quite universal in Canada, and ragged little urchins may even be seen "striking out" along the board pavements of the towns, with things

fastened on to their feet with string, which one day, perhaps, officiated as the backs of carving-knives. Though the lakes themselves are never frozen, the bays and harbours of towns in Upper Canada are crowded with skaters, and immense distances are sometimes traversed by those fond of adventure or notoriety.

Snowshoeing is also productive of capital sport, though by no means so popular an amusement as the preceding. The exercise is very severe, and discomfiture so much more unpleasant than a fall on the ice, that many people lose heart at the outset, and declare they see no fun in it at all. In Upper Canada the snowshoe is seldom absolutely necessary; though sportsmen in pursuit of moose and deer in the bush must have recourse to its use; as also many persons living in northern settlements, where there is little traffic, and the roads are not kept worn by horses and sleigh-runners. A full-sized snowshoe is three and a half feet long, and at its greatest width sixteen inches wide, lozenge-shaped, and the weight of a pair should not exceed three pounds. The frame is of tough, light hickory, and covered with a network of deer-skin, of the same colour and texture as catgut; the toe of the mocassin is thrust through a loop in the centre of the shoe, and kept in its place by thongs passing round the ankle. The shoe is lifted by the toe, the heel being free; and the "tail" of the snowshoe is never off the ground. The track left behind this process of locomotion is the most curious ever beheld. A good walker can easily do his four miles an hour in them, when there is a good crust on the snow, and he has learnt to miss his ankle in passing one shoe over the other. His danger is, lest in planting one foot he should not step quite clear of the other; for in this case, when he lifts for the next step, a fall is inevitable. Naturally enough, out shoot both hands for the purpose of saving himself, and down they go up to the armpits through the treacherous surface of the snow. Cuffs, collars, and sleeve-linings become the receptacles of the frozen element, which melts at its leisure, to the grievous discomfiture of his inner man during the remainder of the walk. There he lies sprawling and struggling on his stomach, as helpless as a sheep on its back in a ditch. The toes of his shoes have run into the snow; one, perhaps, has come off, and down that leg goes, as far as is consistent with his formation as a bifurcated animal. A more pitiable condition cannot be imagined; and yet, strange to say, it is one more provocative of mirth than any it has been our misfortune to laugh at, when weeping, perhaps, would have been considered in better taste. Some few years ago, Dr. Rae, the famous Arctic explorer, walked in snowshoes from Hamilton to Toronto, a distance of forty miles, between breakfast and dinner. Active men can jump in them, and races are run every year for a silver cup, on the course of the Montreal Turf Club.

Taboggining, the next amusement on our list, is suggestive of nothing but romps and tumbles, and "muffining" under difficulties. The taboggin is a very simple contrivance: two thin strips of pliable wood, each about a foot wide and ten feet long, are fitted together by a groove, and secured

by wooden cross-pieces; two hickory rods are run along the inside edge; the top end is bent down to the floor at both corners, and secured by thongs, to serve, as it were, for a splashboard. The vehicle is then complete. Let the reader fancy himself at the top of Fort Henry, the day fine and frosty, his hair and whiskers white, as with a respectable old age, and each point of his moustache the base of an incipient iceberg. The hill is of the proverbial steepness of the side of a house, covered with glistening snow, and below him stretches a mile or two of ice, some two feet thick, with patches of snow drifted over its level black surface. He and his companions are provided with taboggins, and half-a-dozen ladies are of the party; for in Canada ladies are essential accompaniments of merry-making both indoors and out. A favourable slide is chosen, which is considered none the worse for having two or three minor precipices in its course to the ice. The steersmen of the party provide themselves with short pointed pieces of stick, with which they shape their course down the slippery descent. A gentleman kneels down at the first taboggin; holds it carefully to prevent a false start; tucks in the lateral superfluities of dress belonging to the lady, who has seated herself in the prow of his ship with her feet pressing against the turned-up end; cautiously seats himself on the floor behind her, sticks in hand—a friendly shove, and they are off! Yes, off they go, acquiring greater speed with every yard, raising a cloud of snow with “the digs” necessary to keep the taboggin straight before a clear channel is worn, shoot the little falls without mishap, and, after dipping the base of the incline, are seen sailing along once more in a horizontal direction over the ice below. But every pleasure has its “draw-back,” and so has taboggining; for the impetus lost, the party have to get out; and putting himself into string traces attached to the front of the taboggin, the gentleman proceeds to drag “Humpty-dumpty” up again. As faithful chroniclers, we are obliged to add that unnecessary delay is often remarked in the ascent of “self and partner” to what lawyers call, the place of beginning. We have only described the descent of a skilled *voyageur*; half the fun is in the amusing accidents of less skilful practitioners. The beginner digs too hard on one side, when round goes the head of the taboggin at a tangent to the other; so to speak, it gets across the stream, and in obedience to the laws of gravity—though hardly with a grave demeanour—the pilot and his companion roll down the remainder of the hill, without their taboggin. A favourite place for this diversion, where it is carried on with small hand-sleighs, instead of taboggins, and is attended with considerable risk, is at the ice-cone formed by the spray from the Falls of Montmorenci, a few miles below Quebec.

We put “ice-boating” last, but it is by no means least of winter amusements peculiar to the shores of Ontario. A triangular floor, capable of bearing some five or six persons in a recumbent position, is mounted on large iron skates, and is fitted with mast and sail in the bows. The triangle, if we may call it so, runs base forwards, and at each angle there

is a skate. The two forward ones are fixed straight, and parallel; the one in the stern is worked with a tiller; and the man at the helm, who has also the cleats of the mainsheet within his reach, has absolute command over the motion and direction of his vessel. These boats will go as close to the wind, and "wear" and "tack" in exactly the same way as a yacht. The two miles between the shore of Toronto and the opposite island have been done under four minutes, and very little wind insures a considerable speed. Danger and excitement often go hand in hand, and so it is with ice-boating, when open cracks and air-holes in the ice require the constant vigilance of all on board. Lying close to the surface, and watching the cracks and snow-patches as the boat flies on, there is, perhaps, the most appreciable sensation of velocity, without precipitation, ever felt by man. The passengers take turn about in steering; but there are not many competent or bold enough, either at Kingston or Toronto, to undertake the task.

An enumeration of amusements, into which, at all events, our public schoolmen in the regiments will enter, with all the zest and vigour which characterized their encounters "at the wall," or their deeds in the "playing fields," brings us to speak of the social qualities of Canadians. They will be found a gay and hospitable people, attached to the Crown of England, and warmly sympathising in all her interests and undertakings. It has been a too prevalent habit here at home to class the habits and customs of Canadians in the same long category with American peculiarities; while some people, of average knowledge and attainments, have gone so far as to confound Canadians with the aborigines of the forest. For a long time this ignorance of the first colony of our empire was intelligible enough; but of late years her generous subscription to the Patriotic Fund, her chivalrous enlistment of the 100th Regiment in the time of our necessity, the extraordinary success of her industrial productions exhibited at Paris, the magnificent welcome with which she received the Prince of Wales, and now for the third time her loyal alacrity to show a bold front to British enemies,—all point to Canada as demanding from the nations of Europe, and especially from ourselves, a due recognition of her political and commercial status among the nations of the world. The readiness of the Canadians to see the long frontier along which two-thirds of them live converted into an Anglo-American battle-ground, was the more surprising, if we reflect on the relations existing between themselves and the States. Averse as they are to American rule, and superior as they think themselves to the foibles and peculiarities of the "Yankee," the intercourse between the two countries, public and private, has for many years been one of the closest intimacy. The association of Americans with most of the great business speculations of the provinces, has served to draw closer the ties of proximity and relationship. It is not too much to say that there is not a family of consequence in Canada, which, by intermarriage or otherwise, has not relatives or dear personal friends across the border. In Canada the extension of the franchise is

fast bringing a representative form of government to the verge of democracy; and the institutions of both countries are in many points on a similar footing. The fear of constituents, and the pernicious system of pay for parliamentary services, are day by day bringing politics into greater disrepute; and, as in America, many able, good, and conscientious men are kept from being of service to their country by the ill repute of those with whom they would have to consort. In respect to the civil war now raging in America, the feeling of Canada has been divided: though the taunts and threats of the Northern press have done much to promote a sympathy for the South, and a fixed resolution, from Gaspé to Sandwich, to risk life and property in the vindication of what every Canadian calls "Home."

The presence of a large number of troops will cause a great expenditure of money, where money has been scarce since the troubles of '57; public attention will have been called to the state of colonial defences, and favour enlisted in behalf of the Inter-colonial Railway. These are advantages to set against the prospect of war and desolation—high prices and insecurity of property. The meritorious loyalty with which Canadians faced the latter contingencies demands any reward consistent with the observance of a wise colonial policy. Unassisted by an imperial grant, the Government of Canada subsidizes a line of ocean packets at an annual expense of 104,000*l.*; while it sees the Cunard line to Boston and New York indebted for its existence to the patronage of English tax-payers. Moreover, in the celebrated Galway Company's case, England evinced a disposition to help any project for Atlantic mail service, save only the very line to which she is most bound to furnish her countenance and assistance. Naturally enough Canadians view this conduct with jealousy and suspicion, though doubtless our Government has excellent reasons of its own for not complying with their request.

The effect of civil war in America, though now injurious to Canadian trade, must eventually be favourable to emigration to our colonies; so also the waste of capital, the depreciation of stocks, and the loss of men for military service, must ultimately favour Canadian competition in American markets. For many years to come emigrants will cease to seek a home in a country liable to internal discord, and so careless in its provocation of chastisement from the foreigner. The Canadian rebellion, and disturbances among the French in Lower Canada, have for years operated against the settlement of the eastern townships south of Montreal—a part of the country as fertile as any, and close to the place of disembarkation. Reasoning from analogy, we may predict that emigrants will understand the advantages of a peaceable country, and stay in it, in preference to hurrying through by rail, as they lately have done, to the prairie farms of Illinois and Iowa in the West.

Belgravia out of Doors.

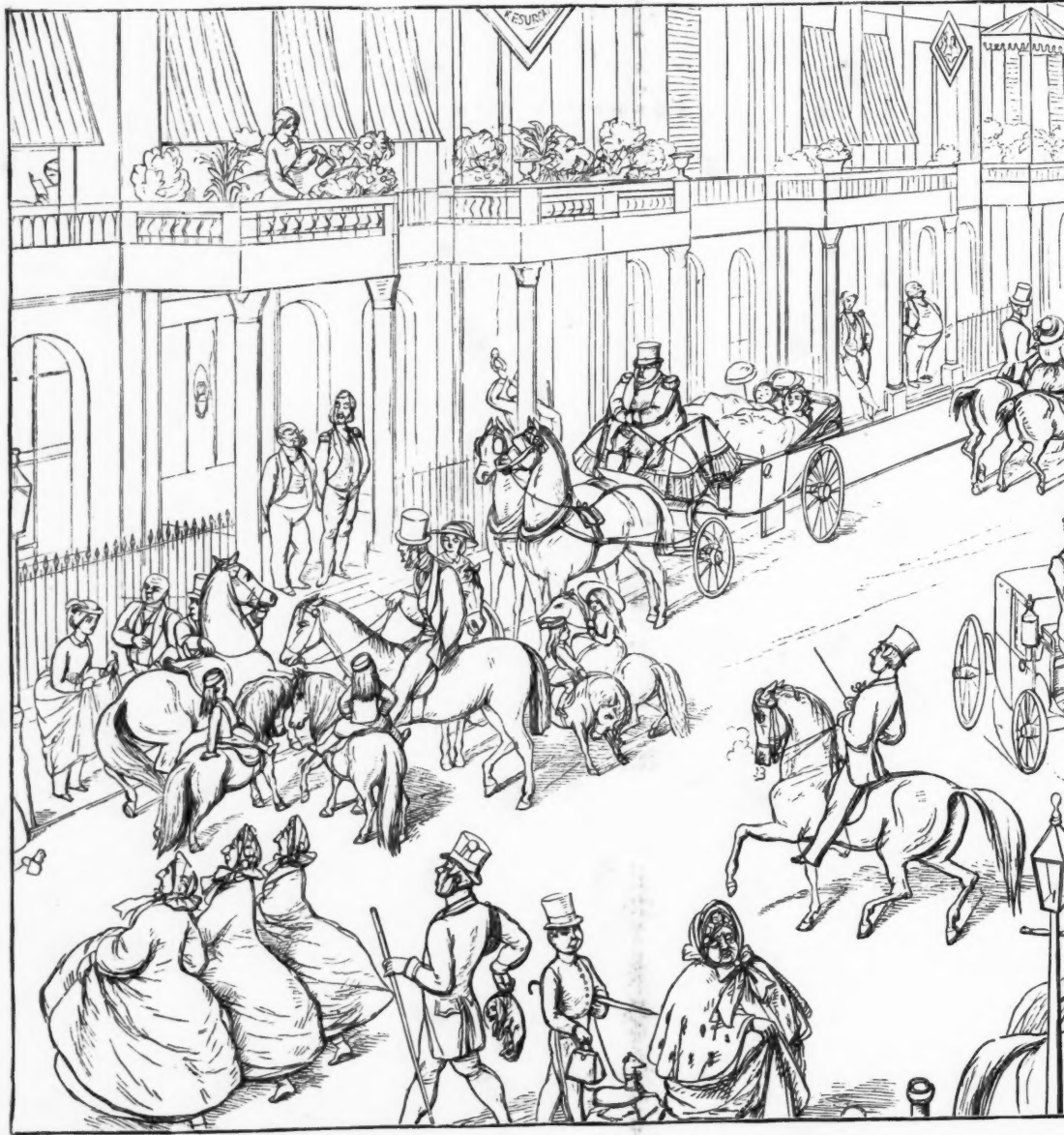


ROSSING over Piccadilly at Hyde Park Corner, on a sultry summer's afternoon, the traveller in London suddenly finds himself, as it were, becalmed after a storm. So great is the change from the roar and rattle, the crowd and confusion, the steam of omnibuses and cabs, and men and women that fill the length of Piccadilly and Knightsbridge, to the quiet, stately, wealthy, aristocratic and dull district known as Belgravia.

This drawing is an attempt to represent a "view" of Belgravia about that time of the day when the nearest approach to movement and liveliness takes place. An easy, unruffled calm seems to prevail everywhere. The sun shines oppressively, the pavement is hot, the blinds are all down, the houses within have a cool, shady, deserted look. Everybody—that is, the family—is out. Six-foot liveried, powdered domestics of the period, varied occasionally by a portly butler, sun themselves, mostly in couples, on almost every doorstep, and in attitudes more or less representative of elegance and dignity; and there is an additional air of ease and independence, and of being in complete possession, as it were, of the premises for the time, from the circumstance that the inhabitants of the mansions are, for the most part, out driving in their carriages or riding on horseback.

Ever and anon a terrific volley of double knocks, seeming as if they would never cease, and suggesting to the listener the idea that the person performing on the knocker was suddenly gone out of his mind, breaks in upon the otherwise stillness of the scene, and indicates to the passer-by that in all human probability one lady of fashion has left her card upon another lady of fashion.

The fashion for ladies of distinction out driving seems to be a recumbent posture, similar to that adopted by ordinary folks when in bed. The correct thing seems to be to lie flat on the back amid the multitudinous robe which rises up and fills every nook and corner of the carriage, and which requires a good deal of tucking in on the part of the attendants to enable the door to shut, and above which the head of



Belgravia out of D



the lady just bobs up, so to speak, above water. The chin is generally worn in the air, and the parasol rises perpendicularly, like a little sail above the waves, or like a slim mushroom from the midst of the snowy mountain of muslin, or whatever the material of the dress may be.

Pity, if you please, the youth with the languid air, who drives his cab so lazily that he scarcely has energy left to turn a corner.

Sympathize, if you can, with the stooped, depressed-looking equestrians, who are supposed to be taking exercise.

And observe the young ladies not yet "out," in the garden of the square, some at play, others reading the mild emotional domestic novel, and not having found their lives as yet a bore.

Commissions of Lunacy.

IN a late article on the Windham case, *The Times* took occasion to give its innumerable readers one of those half-contemptuous, half-philosophical discourses in which it sometimes delights to assume to sweep away difficulties of all kinds, especially legal difficulties; and to show that, by the help of a little of what is rather lightly called common sense, everything might be set to rights which appears at first sight startling or unjust. The general drift of the article was this:—Mr. Windham's Commission of Lunacy is altogether an absurdity, and a scandal to the administration of the law. We are all, more or less, mad. Madness is entirely a question of degree. Eccentricity is only a mild form of the disease, and the difference between lunatics in the full legal sense and others is simply this—that lunatics carry their eccentricities so far that it becomes, on the whole, desirable, for themselves and the public at large, that they should be shut up. Madness being so simple a matter, how absurd it is that the process of ascertaining the fact of its existence in a particular case should be so elaborate and expensive. Means are found for settling the question in a very summary and, on the whole, satisfactory manner in the case of the ordinary lunatics who fill our county asylums. Why should the case of a gentleman be different? and, above all, why should a process be adopted in his case which may, as the Windham inquiry proves, result in dividing amongst the lawyers the whole of the property, his capacity to manage which is the point at issue?

All these questions were pressed with the triumphant air which is natural to a writer who thinks it impossible that his questions should receive an answer. This cavalier and presumptuous way of treating really difficult and interesting questions is one of the principal drawbacks to the utility of journalism. It tends to make people unreasonably discontented with the world in which they live, because it leads them to suppose that a much larger proportion of the evils under which they suffer are referable to the clumsiness of institutions, and a much smaller one to the inherent defects and difficulties of human nature, than is really the case. Fair consideration of the subject will show that, in truth, there is little to complain of in the arrangements made for ascertaining whether or not people are lunatics, and that both the enormous trouble and the immense expense of trying such questions out, are inevitable results of the nature of the subject-matter of inquiry.

The subject falls under three heads—the fact to be proved, the evidence by which it is to be proved, and the expenses of the process of proving it. First, as to the fact to be proved. The question before Com-

missions of Lunacy is always, or at least generally, this—Is the person in question so affected by disease that he is mentally incompetent to manage his person and his affairs, both or either? To say that this is a question of degree, that all men are, to some extent, mad, that eccentricity is madness, and that some rough and ready way of drawing the line at which sanity ends and madness begins ought to be devised, because it is difficult to hit upon any precise and available definition of madness, is an unwise, and, indeed, in an important sense, is a very dangerous doctrine. In the first place, it is altogether false in fact. It is easy to imagine cases in which a man might carry eccentricity to the utmost, and yet be absolutely sane. Assume, for example, that a man had some strange taste about eating or drinking, such as a positive antipathy, say, to roast beef. Suppose that he could not endure the taste, the smell, or the sight of it, and always left the room when it appeared, would any one say that, if in every other particular the man were perfectly consistent and regular in his conduct, this peculiarity either constituted madness or formed a step towards it? Such a notion is monstrous, and its prevalence to any considerable extent would be a great evil, for it would tend directly to discourage anything like freedom or originality of character. Mr. Mills argues elaborately, in his *Essay on Liberty*, to show how great the benefits are which eccentricity confers on mankind; and without going to quite the same length, it may be said that it is at once a poor thing, and hasty and unjust, to describe madness in terms which identify it in principle with all the qualities by which eminent men are distinguished from the mass of mankind. If eccentricity is madness merely because it is uncommon, is genius madness? Is a man mad because he is a great poet, or painter, or author? Or, again, is physical deformity a sort of madness? It would seem so, if mere strangeness is the test; for it is quite as uncommon for a man to have more or fewer fingers or toes than his neighbours, as to have peculiar habits, tastes, or powers. No doubt the exertion of trying to affix a clear meaning to such a word as Madness is considerable, and it is possible to represent all inquiry on the subject as fruitless, and as leading to mere metaphysical subtleties, unavailable for practical purposes; but this is an objection which it is possible to urge, and which continually is urged against all accurate thought whatever on all subjects, and it is impossible, if the subject is to be fully understood, to avoid some consideration of the question, What does madness mean, and what is it which people inquire into when they inquire whether or no a man is mad? It may be all very well for a smart popular writer to say that all men are more or less mad, and that whether or no a person is to be deprived of the control of his person and property is merely a question of degree; but if such a principle were really admitted and applied to the practical business of life, the consequences would be terrible.

It must, no doubt, be admitted, and the admission explains the origin of such statements as that of *The Times*, that madness cannot be defined ;

but it is the common characteristic of almost all fallacies to confound together the words of which language consists and the things which those words denote. It does not follow that madness is not a real specific thing because it never has been defined, any more than it follows that a tree is not a real thing because the word Tree has never been defined. It would not follow that the thing denoted by the word Madness was not a distinct thing, even if it were admitted not only that it never has been, but also that it never will be defined. What is a "reasonable doubt," whether or not a man is guilty of a crime? It is such a doubt as *ought* to induce twelve men selected in a certain manner to hesitate in deciding that he is guilty. What is meant by the word *ought*? It means that it would be *generally beneficial to society* if such doubts always existed under such circumstances. And what, it may be asked, do you mean by "generally beneficial to society?" The answer to that question would involve a whole theory of the scope and objects of human life. Thus, to give a definition of a *reasonable* doubt, a whole system of morals would be required; yet who would deny that some doubts are reasonable and others not—that it would, for example, be utterly unreasonable to doubt twelve impartial witnesses who all swore that on a previous day they saw a given man at a given place, whilst it would be perfectly reasonable to doubt one deeply interested person who said the very same thing, when he had a strong motive for saying it.

The inference from this is, that the bare fact that language does not supply an exact description of a particular class of objects, with which they may be readily compared, is no proof at all that the objects denoted by particular words, such as "madness," or "reasonable doubt," have not in fact any distinguishing characteristics. The true mode of inquiry in all such cases is to try to find out by observation and comparison what those distinguishing characteristics are. It is a very bad service to the cause of exact thought, or practical utility, to insist upon the inadequacy of our current language as proof that the problems to which it points are in themselves insoluble.

What, then, is madness? In the first place, it is perfectly certain that it is a disease, and a specific—though, no doubt, an obscure and mysterious—disease. What then is a disease? Without affecting to give a scientific definition of it, the following description may be taken as not incorrect:—The human body is a mass of matter of various kinds, disposed in a particular and most marvellous manner. This matter lives and moves. What these words mean we know most imperfectly; but at all events they denote this, that the different members of the body, the different parts of the matter of which it consists, have, to use the common expression, appropriate functions. They act upon each other in certain ways, and the general result of that interaction is the production and preservation of a state of things which we call health and life. If any part of the body acts not in this, which may be called the normal, way, but in some other abnormal way, and if the result of that is to produce pain, the incapacity

of other members, and ultimately death, that abnormal action is a disease. Such is the body, and such its diseases; but what is the mind? Here again we come upon a mystery of which no one has the solution, perhaps not even the key. What the words Mind, Soul, or Spirit denote, it is impossible to say. There are good reasons for believing that they denote something which may and will exist independently of the body as we see and feel it now; but though this is the most important of all beliefs, and gives life its whole dignity and interest, it must not be allowed to obscure this other truth, that the operations of the mind are at present known to us exclusively through bodily functions. The expression of the face, the gestures of the body, the sounds made by the organs of speech, the impressions made on the eye by written or printed words, and other processes of the same kind, are the means, and the only means, by which the dearest friends can trace the operations of each other's minds, although they may feel convinced beyond the possibility of a doubt that what they are tracing is the operation of a mind, and not of a mere material organ.

Not only do all the operations of the mind—thought itself included—pass through the bodily organs, but they have another quality, which has often been contested, but which, nevertheless, unquestionably belongs to them, and that is regularity.* Men think, feel, and act, not at random, but according to certain principles. They acknowledge the validity of the same kind of arguments; they are pleased and pained by the same kind of occurrences; they keep in view the same sorts of objects, and try to attain them by the same sorts of means. This regularity is, no doubt, consistent with the utmost variety—a variety so infinitely complicated and diversified, that the very existence of the regularity which underlies, and enables us to understand it, has been and still is most pertinaciously and foolishly denied. Some men are wise, some foolish, some strong, some weak, some good, some bad. Their various tastes and powers are mixed up in innumerable combinations, and produce such an infinite quantity of individual peculiarities, that no two men are precisely alike, and that even those who resemble each other most closely (brothers, for example) interest us almost as much by their strange contrasts as by their equally strange resemblances.

All this variety, however, depends upon the fundamental resemblance out of which it grows. If that did not exist, there would be no variety; for each man would be an isolated creature, independent of all the rest; and we should no more think of remarking on their differences than we think of observing that Homer's *Iliad* is very different from a watch-key, or that there is no resemblance between Westminster Hall and three o'clock in the afternoon. One or two illustrations of the substantial

* On the regularity of mental operations, and on the consistency of this with morality and responsibility, see two Essays on the "Study of History," in the *Cornhill Magazine* for June and July, 1861.

identity which is covered by this circumstantial variety, will explain one relation between them. All men dislike physical pain; yet no two men view it in precisely the same light, or behave in reference to it in precisely the same manner, or feel it in the same degree on the same occasions. A brave man will defy it, a timid man will crouch before the threat of it. A weak woman will often bear it with the sweetest resignation; a strong man will constantly rage and fret under it, with an utter forgetfulness of decency and self-respect. A mustard-poultice will be absolute torture to some persons in some states of health; the extraction of a toenail will be matter of indifference to others, or even to the same person under different circumstances.

So, again, all men love themselves; but with some this self-love takes the form of the vilest selfishness. With others, it is the foundation of the most exalted goodness and the most sublime self-sacrifice, from a disinterested wish for the welfare of others; and between those two extremes are an infinite number of shades of temper and behaviour, all of which equally proceed from the common principle of self-love.

It is conceivable—though as yet nothing of the kind has been done, or even attempted—that by careful investigation a complete account might be given of the common principles of human nature, so that men might be able to count up the roots out of which grow the infinite variety of human actions; but, though this has not been done, and probably never will be done completely, the general truth that there are such things as principles of human nature, and that those principles are, as far as we know, permanent and universal, is as well established as any other fact whatever.

This fact is enough to enable us, not indeed to give a definition, but to form a very distinct conception of what we mean by sanity and insanity. We do not mean by the one—as the writer in *The Times* seemed to think—deviation in any direction from the dead level of human nature. There is this, amongst other conclusive objections to such an opinion, that no such dead level exists. Human nature is infinitely various and complex, and it would be utterly impossible, if it were desirable, to specify any level on which all sane men are bound to stand. On the other hand, we do mean such an insensibility to the common principles of human conduct, caused by bodily disease, as renders a man incapable of managing either his person or his property, or both (if the question arises on a Commission of Lunacy); or of knowing right from wrong; or of voluntary action (if the question arises on a criminal trial); or of understanding and deliberating on the subject of a particular transaction (if the question arises in a specific civil suit—such, for example, as the validity of a contract or will, which is disputed on the ground of the insanity of the contractor or testator).

Each of the parts of this description—for it has no claim to the precision of a definition—of the notion of madness which lawyers have adopted for practical purposes, deserves attention, and deserves also to be

attentively compared with the foregoing account of the nature of disease and the nature of human conduct.

In the first place, there must be an insensibility to the principles of human conduct. The general nature of these principles has been sufficiently explained already. The important thing to observe is their application to human conduct. Their recognition and practical adoption for the purpose of guiding conduct is perfectly consistent with any degree either of singularity, or of wickedness, or of folly. A man may have a sublime genius which raises him above the common level of humanity; he may, on the other hand, be a prey to wretched superstitions, like the fetish worshippers in Africa, or the believers in rapping spirits in our own country; he may be able, like the calculating boy, to extract at sight the cube root of a number expressed by eight or nine figures; or he may be unable, from sheer stupidity and inattention, to do a sum in long addition: in each of these cases he would be equally singular, and in each he might be equally sane, because he would proceed upon the same general principles of thought and action, though he would apply them in totally different ways, and with a different degree of facility. For example, the reason why the man of genius writes a poem or paints a picture is, that he delights in the exercise of his faculties, just as a doctor or a lawyer likes advising his clients or patients. Not one man in a century feels that particular delight which Shakspeare felt when he completed *King Lear*; but millions of men every day feel an analogous satisfaction of a humbler kind. Few people in this country would worship a figure made out of fish-bones and old rags, but thousands would feel afraid to cross a churchyard at night; and the awe of the unseen, the feeling that we are but atoms in an infinite universe, which may contain innumerable powers capable of hurting us, of which we know nothing, is one of the qualities which distinguish men from brute beasts. Thus it is not mere singularity in any shape—not the mere uncommonness of a man's proceedings—which shows that he does not act on the common principles of action, any more than it is mere peculiarity in other things that makes him strange. A man might, and, in fact, all men do differ, possibly, from every one else in the world—certainly from almost every one else—in innumerable particulars, without being at all extraordinary. Suppose, for example, there were a man who had a complexion slightly differing in shade, a voice slightly differing in accent, hair slightly differing in colour, and also in the number of the individual hairs, from all other men in the world, he would not of necessity be at all a singular man. A person who precisely resembled, say, a million other people in every one of these and innumerable other respects, but who differed from the rest of the species in perspiring like a dog, through his tongue only, would be far more remarkable.

Having pointed out what is not madness, it is desirable to inquire what it is. It is an insensibility to the general principles of human nature caused by disease. Dislike to pain is one of these principles. Suppose the case of a man who obviously felt pain, but, without any assignable reason

whatever, did not avoid it. Suppose he were to stick splinters under his nails, to gash himself with a knife, to handle burning coals, &c., not from fanaticism or asceticism, like the Fakirs; not as a proof of hardihood, like the North American Indians; nor from vanity, by way of displaying some abnormal bodily insensibility to suffering; but simply in a casual, unaccountable manner. Suppose that after inflicting the injury he gave all the signs of suffering, shrieking and writhing and so forth, but as soon as he had an opportunity, did the same thing again. Every one would say that this was a most unreasonable act; and if it became ever so common, if it became epidemic, it would be regarded (even by those who did it, if they were sensible on other points) as an epidemic madness. Such was the view actually taken of the practices of the Flagellants, and of the dancing and preaching manias which have occurred in different parts of the world at different ages. These cases prove that an act is not mad because it is uncommon, or sane because it is common, but because it does or does not denote an insensibility on the part of the agent to the common principles, practical and speculative, of human nature.

Next, this insensibility must be caused by bodily disease. There are principles, both practical and speculative, to which a man may deaden himself without madness, simply by continued neglect of them. For example, the general principles of self-love and benevolence, as applied to moral obligations, are the great leading principles by which all men ought to govern their conduct, and by which most men do so to a very considerable degree; but it is conceivable that, by a long course of wickedness and folly, a man might so lose the habit of acting upon them as to become practically unconscious of their existence, and to act as if there were no such things in the world as right and wrong. This would not constitute madness, but only desperate and hardened wickedness, which is altogether another thing. If, however, a man who had always acted well up to a certain point, were suddenly to fall ill, and if, after his illness had subsisted for some time, he were to become apparently altogether unconscious to all the principles which he had acted on before, and were to show no sense of the difference between good and evil; and if it were an observed fact that men who suffered under such illnesses often fell into such a state; it would be highly probable that in the particular case the madness caused the insensibility, and that it was a case of madness, and not of wickedness.

Lastly, the question of degree has always to be considered when madness is made the subject of legal inquiry. It is not enough to show that a man is mad in general, but, before the fact of his madness can be of any legal importance, he must be shown to be so mad that in his particular case certain special results have actually followed. The best established and most familiar illustration of this is the case of crime. It has been laid down repeatedly, and is now perfectly well settled, that when a man is accused of a crime, the questions to be considered are these: Did he break the law? Did he know he was doing wrong?

Could he help it? If these three questions are answered in the affirmative, the question whether he was or was not sane becomes immaterial; and, indeed, at any stage in the inquiry, it is relevant only because it affords evidence by which the jury may be guided in answering the other questions, or some of them.

Thus the three questions which arise in considering the sanity of any particular person for any legal purpose are these :—Does he act and think upon the same general principles as other men? If not, is his insensibility to the principles on which other men act and think caused by bodily disease? If so, is the disturbance so great as to produce the effect required to be produced with reference to the particular subject-matter of inquiry? It is easy to deride or slur over the speculations upon which these conclusions are founded, and, by confident assertions, which appear by their very confidence to claim for those who use them an exclusive title to common sense, to make out that the whole question is one which can be disposed of in a few words, and which requires nothing more than the use of particular shrewdness for its solution. This is a great mistake. The solution of such questions will never be practically satisfactory, and will often work most intolerable wrong unless those who preside over their decision have a real grasp of the principles on which their solution must depend.

This introduces the question of evidence. On what grounds ought we to infer that a man is insensible to the ordinary principles of thought and conduct, that this insensibility is caused by disease, and that it is great enough to prevent him from managing his person or his affairs? To this, as to all other questions of evidence, no precise answer can be given. On what evidence ought a jury to believe that a man picked a pocket, or committed a forgery? It is impossible to go beyond generalities, but this may be said,—they will never decide the question satisfactorily unless they know clearly what it is that they are to decide. The foregoing observations lay the foundation for some observations on this point. The difficulty with which a jury on a Commission of Lunacy have to contend, is that they are deciding, not as common-sense scepticism is in the habit of saying, a question of degree, but a question of kind, which is very easily represented as a question of degree. The external conduct of a madman, a fool, and a desperate villain, have many features of resemblance, but the state of the three men's minds is as different as possible; and what the jury have to say is, which of three causes, any one of which may have produced a given result, did in fact produce it. One great assistance in discharging this duty is to consider where the burden of proof lies. It is almost always on those who allege madness. If a man commits what is *prima facie* a crime, he is presumed to be sane, and must prove himself mad before he can escape. If it is desired to deprive a man of his property and freedom, those who wish to do so must prove him mad, and he need prove nothing at all unless he chooses to do so. In order to prove madness, it is necessary not only to show con-

duct consistent with madness, but also to go farther, and show conduct inconsistent with sanity. If this is done, subsidiary evidence becomes superfluous. If it is not done, it is impertinent. In most cases, therefore, an enormous mass of evidence usually produced on such occasions is in reality altogether beside the mark. The question always is, whether the man's principles of thought and conduct were the same with those of other people. This question is hardly affected by showing that his practice was peculiar.

For example: a man makes wildly extravagant presents to his mistress. No doubt that is consistent with madness; but it is also consistent with mere weakness. He is guilty of shameless indecency and blackguardism. The same remark applies to that. Nine-tenths of the evidence given in the disgusting case which was recently paraded before the public for nearly a month falls under exactly the same principle. The conduct imputed to the miserable creature whose infirmities so long disgusted all the newspaper readers in the kingdom was like the conduct of a madman, but it did not in itself prove madness. The limits of folly and bad manners are almost immeasurable, and almost all that Mr. Windham did was what any ill-bred and ill-conducted youth might do, and what scores of such youths have done a thousand times before. Clear proof of a single well-marked delusion, or of downright insensibility to any of the principles by which good men and bad, wise men and fools, all govern their conduct more or less skilfully and consistently, would have outweighed ten times as much evidence as was actually given, immeasurable as it was in amount.

The evidence which is thus required as to the character of the conduct of a supposed lunatic is only one step towards completing the case. It is necessary to go further, and to show that bodily disease is the cause of it. Even when, by the application of the principle just explained, the relevancy of the evidence given has been sifted, when so much of it as is really irrelevant has been rejected, it may still be a most difficult question whether the residue which is relevant is to be taken as proof of madness or merely of hardened wickedness. Madness is, in all probability, a specific disease, which deranges in some unknown way those functions of the body by which the mind acts and communicates its thoughts to other minds. What that specific disease is, no one knows. Suppose, for the sake merely of illustration, and in order to use definite terms, that it is an obscure inflammation of the brain, or of some part of it, and substitute for the word "madness" the words "obscure inflammation of the brain." The questions to be answered will then be as follows: Whether A B is incapable of managing his affairs, by reason of an insensibility to the common principles of human nature produced by an obscure inflammation of the brain? The evidence is that A B does, in fact, mismanage all his affairs, and that he does so because his conduct has no reference at all to those elementary principles of prudence and morals which men in general recognize—good men as their judges, bad men as principles which are in

point of fact established, and which must in various ways be recognized and respected. The question still undecided, and on which the jury have to pronounce, is whether this state of things is caused by obscure inflammation of the brain? If it is, the man is to be found a lunatic. If not, not.

The difficulty of the case is twofold. In the first place the elementary principles of prudence and morals, though no doubt real, are ill-defined. No one has ever yet succeeded in giving a perfectly satisfactory account of them. In the next place, the very existence of the obscure inflammation of the brain is an open question:—its effects are very imperfectly understood; its nature is not understood at all, and the results which it is supposed to produce may generally be referred in whole or in part to other causes. In short, the question which the jury have to try is whether an indefinite effect has been produced by a hypothetical cause; and there is, of course, a strong temptation to say that such a question is altogether insoluble, and ought not to be tried at all, or at least not by such a body.

Such a result is simply intolerable. Commissions of Lunacy there must be, for lunatics cannot be left at large, and no one who knows anything of the administration of justice, and of the crotchets and bias of skilled witnesses, would ever listen for an instant to the proposal to put the liberty and property of suspected lunatics at the mercy of a set of mad doctors. Either they would shut up every one who was extravagant and vicious, or else they would fall into radical dissension, each man standing up for his own theory. In either case, the security to the public would be utterly destroyed. Who would refer a point of doctrine to a jury of divines? Dr. Lushington's decision on the orthodoxy of the *Essays and Reviews* is sure to command respect, whatever it may be; but if the bishops were allowed to judge of heresy, they would either condemn without mercy, or fight between themselves like Kilkenny cats.

The difficulty, then, is a real one. It must be dealt with, and it must be dealt with by an unprofessional tribunal of some sort. How are they to deal with it? They must deal with it under the disadvantages which the imperfect state of science at present imposes. They must give to a great many persons whom there are strong grounds to conjecture to be more or less under the influence of the specific disease called madness, whatever that may be, the benefit of a doubt. That is the real result of the whole inquiry; but it is a result which cannot possibly be reached if the public get inoculated with the notion that madness is a mere question of degree; that a madman is nothing else than a person who is in a minority of one; and that if strict justice had been done, Shakspeare, Milton, and Newton, would have each been confined in Bedlam, for having thoughts which occurred to no one else before them.

It is, no doubt, a consequence from this that a considerable number of persons, whom it might be very proper to put into a lunatic asylum, will be allowed to squander their money and pester their friends and society

at large with their folly and vice; but this is an unavoidable evil. It is part of the price which we pay for our individual liberty, and after all, it is not a very heavy one, and it is one which the growth of science will certainly diminish and possibly will ultimately remove. Suppose, for example, that in the course of time the specific nature of madness should be discovered, and symptoms should be detected affording an infallible test of its existence. Assume, for the sake of illustration, that it could be shown to demonstration that madness is caused by some morbid condition of the spinal marrow, and suppose it were also shown that wherever that condition existed a certain mark was produced on the finger nails. Then, when the question was whether a man was unable, or merely unwilling, to manage his affairs properly, the question would be settled at once by the inspection of his hands. Of course there is no sort of reason to suppose that any test of the sort will ever be discovered; but there is every reason to hope that the notions of scientific men on the subject will become more fixed and definite as time goes on and well-digested experience accumulates; and it is not impossible that they may ultimately be able to speak with as much confidence of the existence of madness in a particular case, and of the degree in which it has interfered with the mental processes of the person affected, as they can show at present in speaking of scarlet-fever or small-pox, or in discriminating between weakness and delirium. Till that is the case it is hopeless to try to make an obscure question clear and easy by devising new modes of discussion. The defect is not in the definition, or rather description of madness, nor in the tribunal which is to decide it, but in the evidence by which its existence is to be proved. Where evidence is capable of several constructions people must do as well as they can, but no rearrangement of their modes of decision will enable them to give satisfactory judgments in all cases.

The last matter to be considered in reference to Commissions of Lunacy is their expense. The monstrous costliness of the Windham inquiry has not unnaturally attracted great attention, and it is said with much plausibility that such inquiries are like the famous case of the oyster, in which the plaintiff recovered one shell and the defendant the other, whilst the lawyers absorbed the contents. There is some truth in this, but there is a great deal of error, and it is an error which is greatly aggravated by the hasty, noisy way in which the real difficulties of the matter are pooh-poohed by those who speak of madness as a question of degree, and of eccentricity as being "unquestionably" a mild form of madness.

The expenses consist of three main items,—counsel's fees, the expenses of witnesses, and the attorneys' bills. As to the counsel's fees, it is a mere question of supply and demand. It is said, that in the Windham case, an eminent member of the bar was offered a fee of 500 guineas, with refreshers of 50 guineas a-day during the inquiry, and that he refused to take it on the ground that it was not worth his while. If a man chooses to employ highly skilled labour, he must pay the market price for it.

There are scores of barristers who would have joyfully accepted a tenth part of the sums mentioned, and it was a question for the parties concerned, and for them alone, whether they would make the one offer or the other. As to the expenses of witnesses, the same remark applies. If a doctor in large practice is to be brought 100 miles from his home and his patients, and to be imprisoned for a fortnight or three weeks in a wretched court for the purpose of saying that Mr. Windham slobbered, of course he must be paid for it. If those who set the inquiry on foot think such a piece of evidence worth such a price, that is a matter exclusively for them. If a man likes to light his candles with bank notes, the bank will be much obliged to him, and nobody except himself will be any the worse. With regard to the attorneys' bills, the case is even stronger: they are subject to taxation by public officers appointed for that purpose, who are perfectly competent to see whether the charges made really represent work done. It must be added, that the expense of such proceedings is a matter of absolute indifference to the public at large. If Mr. Windham's estates were swallowed up by an earthquake, no doubt the English nation would be a great loser; but if the 250,000*l.*, which they are said to be worth, is cut up into slices of 500*l.* and 1,000*l.*, and handed round to a number of barristers, attorneys, doctors, railway guards, and others, the operation might possibly be for the public advantage. It certainly would not diminish the national wealth. There are plenty of country gentlemen in the world, and if the Windham family should lose that honourable position, the English nation would survive the loss.

The real truth—and it is a truth which people are wonderfully slow to grasp—is that the expense of litigation under our present system depends almost entirely on the litigants. As far as the public are concerned, the administration of justice is nearly gratuitous. If a man chooses to conduct his own cause—if he calls no witnesses and employs no attorney—he may try an action without paying more than two or three pounds. Few men, of course, have the necessary leisure, knowledge, and confidence, to do this, and they have accordingly to pay those whose business it is to act for them, but just in the same way they pay the doctor, and (but for the Established Church) would have to pay the clergyman; and the rate of payment depends, like the price of all other commodities, upon supply and demand.

No doubt if the inquiry into a man's sanity were conducted, not by those who are interested in maintaining or in contesting it, but by the public, at the public expense, it might be done far more cheaply; but such a course of conduct would be utterly at variance with the fundamental principles of the administration of justice in this country. In every department of the law our maxim is, *Vigilantibus, non dormientibus, leges subserviunt*. Law is private war. A man who wants to bring an action must bring it for himself; even if he wishes to prosecute a criminal he must do it for himself. There is no public officer to do it for him. To deprive a man of the right of defending his own liberty and property

in his own way and by his own agents, would be, and be felt to be, a monstrous act of tyranny; and if he is allowed to do so at all, he must be allowed to do so as expensively as he pleases.

It has been asked how is the matter managed with paupers, and why should there be one law for the rich and another for the poor? The answer is, that the most wretched pauper in England may, if he pleases, demand that his insanity shall be established before a jury, just like Mr. Windham, but that as it is seldom worth while to lock him up, unless he is mad beyond all possibility of dispute, it hardly ever is worth his while to make the demand.

Of course these observations are subject to qualification as to details. The court has already some power over the costs of the inquiry. It might, perhaps, be advantageously trusted with more. There would be no difficulty or impropriety in giving a somewhat stringent and peremptory discretion to the Master as to the propriety of calling particular witnesses. He might be allowed to say, 'Whatever may be the result of the cause, you who have called this witness must pay for him, and not the other side.' How far he has that power at present, and how it might be enlarged, are questions of technical detail unsuited for these pages.

Agnes of Sorrento.

CHAPTER XX.

FLORENCE AND HER PROPHET.

It was drawing towards evening, as two travellers, approaching Florence from the south, checked their course on the summit of one of the circle of hills which command a view of the city, and seemed to look down upon it with admiration. One of these was our old friend Father Antonio, and the other the cavalier. The former was mounted on an ambling mule, whose easy paces suited well with his meditative habits; while the other reined in a high-mettled steed, who, though now somewhat jaded under the fatigue of a long journey, showed by a series of little lively motions of his ears and tail, and by pawing the ground impatiently, that he had the inexhaustible stock of spirits which goes with good blood.

"There she lies, my Florence," said the monk, stretching his hands out with enthusiasm. "Is she not, indeed, a sheltered lily growing fair among the hollows of the mountains? Little she may be, sir, compared to old Rome; but every inch of her is a gem,—every inch!"

And, in truth, the scene was worthy the artist's enthusiasm. All the overhanging hills that encircle the city with their silvery olive-gardens and their pearl-white villas were now lighted up with evening glory. The old gray walls of the convents of San Miniato and the Monte Oliveto were touched with yellow light, and even the black obelisks of the cypresses in their cemeteries had here and there streaks and dots of burnished gold, fluttering like bright birds among their gloomy branches. The distant snow-peaks of the Apennines, which even in spring long wear their icy mantles, were shimmering and changing like opal, with tints of violet, green, blue, and rose, blended in inexpressible softness by that dreamy haze which forms the peculiar feature of Italian skies.

In this loving embrace of mountains lay the city, divided by the Arno as by a line of rosy crystal barred by the graceful arches of its bridges. Amid the crowd of palaces, spires, and towers, rose central and conspicuous the great Duomo, just crowned with that magnificent dome which was then considered a novelty and a marvel in architecture, and which Michael Angelo looked longingly back upon when he was going to Rome to build that more wondrous cupola of Saint Peter's. White and stately by its side shot up the airy shaft of the Campanile; and the violet vapour swathing the whole city in a tender indistinctness, these two striking objects, rising by their magnitude far above it, seemed to stand alone in a sort of airy grandeur.

And now the bells of the churches were sounding the Ave Maria,

the monk and the cavalier bent low in their saddles, and seemed to join devoutly in the worship of the hour.

When Father Antonio left Sorrento in company with the cavalier, it was the intention of the latter to go with him only so far as their respective routes should lie together. The band under the command of Agostino was posted in a ruined fortress in one of those airily perched old mountain towns which form so picturesque and characteristic a feature of the Italian landscape. But before they reached this spot, the simple, poetic, guileless monk, with his fresh artistic nature, had so won upon the mind of his travelling companion that a most enthusiastic friendship had sprung up between them, and Agostino could not find it in his heart at once to separate from him. Tempest-tossed and homeless, burning with a sense of wrong, alienated from the faith of his fathers through his intellect and moral sense, yet clinging to it with his memory and imagination, he found in the tender devotional fervour of the artist monk a reconciling and healing power. He shared, too, in no small degree, the feelings which now possessed the breast of his companion for the great reformer, whose purpose seemed to meditate nothing less than restoring the Church of Italy to the primitive apostolic simplicity; he longed to listen to the eloquence of which he had heard so much. Then, too, he had thoughts that but vaguely shaped themselves in his mind. This noble man, so brave and courageous, menaced by the forces of a cruel tyranny, might he not need the protection of a good sword? He recollected, too, that he had an uncle high in the favour of the King of France, to whom he had written a full account of his own situation. Might he not be of use in urging this uncle to induce the French King to throw before Savonarola the shield of his protection? At all events, he entered Florence this evening with the burning zeal of a young neophyte who hopes to effect something himself for a glorious and sacred cause embodied in a leader who commands his deepest veneration.

"My son," said Father Antonio, as they raised their heads after the evening prayer, "I am at this time like a man who, having long been away from his home, fears, on returning, that he shall hear some evil tidings of those he hath left. I long, yet dread, to go to my dear Father Girolamo and the beloved brothers in our house. There is a presage that lies heavy on my heart, so that I cannot shake it off. Look at our glorious old Duomo; doth she not sit there among the houses and palaces as a queen-mother among nations, worthy, in her greatness and beauty, to represent the Church of the New Jerusalem, the Bride of the Lord? Ah, I have seen it thronged with the multitude who came to crave the bread of life from our master!"

"Courage, my friend!" said Agostino; "it cannot be that Florence will suffer her pride and glory to be trodden down. Let us hasten on, for the shades of evening are coming fast, and there is a keen wind sweeping down from your snowy mountains."

And the two soon found themselves plunging into the shadows of the

streets, threading their devious way to the convent. At length they drew up before a dark wall, where the Father Antonio rang a bell. A door was immediately opened, a cowed head appeared, and a cautious voice asked—

"Who is there?"

"Ah, is that you, good Brother Angelo?" replied Father Antonio, cheerily.

"And is it you, dear Brother Antonio? Come in! come in!" was the cordial response, as the two passed into the court; "truly, it will make all our hearts leap to see you."

"And, Angelo, how is our dear father? I have been so anxious about him!"

"Oh, fear not!—he sustains himself in God, and is full of sweetness to us all."

"But do the people stand by him, Angelo, and the Signoria?"

"He has strong friends as yet, but his enemies are like ravening wolves. The Pope hath set on the Franciscans, and they hunt him as dogs do a good stag. But whom have you here with you?" added the monk, raising the torch and regarding the knight.

"Fear him not; he is a brave knight and good Christian, who comes to offer his sword to our father and seek his counsels."

"He shall be welcome," said the porter, cheerfully. "We will have you into the refectory forthwith, for you must be hungry."

The young cavalier, following the flickering torch of his conductor, had only a dim notion of long cloistered corridors, from which now and then, as the light flared by, came a golden gleam from some quaint old painting, where the pure angel forms of Angelico stood in the gravity of an immortal youth, or the Madonna, like a bending lily, awaited the message of Heaven; but when they entered the refectory, a cheerful voice addressed them, and Father Antonio was clasped in the embrace of the Father so much beloved.

"Welcome, welcome, my dear son!" said that rich voice, which had thrilled so many thousand Italian hearts with its music. "So you are come back to the fold again. How goes the good work of the Lord?"

"Well, everywhere," said Father Antonio; and then, recollecting his young friend, he suddenly turned and said—"Let me present you one son who comes to seek your instructions—the young Signor Agostino, of the noble house of Sarelli."

The Superior turned to Agostino with a movement full of a generous frankness, and warmly extended his hand, at the same time fixing upon him the glance of his large, deep blue eyes, which might have been mistaken for black, so great was their depth and brilliancy. Agostino surveyed his new acquaintance with that mingling of ingenuous respect and curiosity with which an ardent young man would regard the most distinguished leader of his age, and felt drawn to him by the influence of a vital cordiality such as one can feel better than describe.

"You have ridden far to-day, my son; you must be weary," said the Superior, affably; "but here you must feel yourself at home: command

us in anything we can do for you. The brothers will attend to those refreshments which are needed after so long a journey; and when you have rested and supped, we shall hope to see you a little more quietly."

So saying, he signed to one or two brothers who stood by, and, commending the travellers to their care, left the apartment. In a few moments a table was spread with a plain and wholesome repast, to which the two travellers sat down with appetites sharpened by their long journey. During the supper, the brothers of the convent, among whom Father Antonio had always been a favourite, crowded around him in a state of eager excitement.

"You should have been here the last week," said one; "such a turmoil as we have been in!"

"There hath been a whirlwind of preaching here and there," said another, "in the Duomo, and Santa Croce, and San Lorenzo; and they have battled to and fro, and all the city is full of it."

"Tell him about yesterday, about the ordeal," shouted a third.

Two or three voices took up the story at once, and began to tell it, all the others correcting, contradicting, or adding incidents. From the confused fragments here and there Agostino gathered that there had been on the day before a popular spectacle in the grand piazza, in which, according to an old superstition of the Middle Ages, Frà Girolamo Savonarola and his opponents were expected to prove the truth of their words by passing unhurt through the fire; that two immense piles of combustibles had been constructed with a narrow passage between, and the whole magistracy of the city convened, and a throng of the populace, eager for the excitement of the spectacle; that the day had been spent in discussions, and scruples, and preliminaries; and that, finally, in the afternoon, a violent storm of rain arising had dispersed the multitude and put a stop to the whole exhibition.

"But the people are not satisfied," said Father Angelo; "and there are enough mischief-makers among them to throw all the blame on our father."

"Yes," said one, "they say he wanted to burn the Holy Sacrament, because he was going to take it with him into the fire."

"As if it could burn!" exclaimed another voice.

"It would to all human appearance, I suppose," suggested a third.

"Any way," put in a fourth, "there is some mischief brewing; for friend Prospero Rondinelli, just come in, says that when he came past the Duomo he saw people gathering, and heard them threatening us. There were as many as two hundred, he thought."

"We ought to tell Father Girolamo," exclaimed several voices.

"Oh, he will not be disturbed!" interposed Father Angelo. "Since these doings, he hath been in prayer in the chapter-room before the blessed Angelico's picture of the Cross. When we would talk with him of these things, he waves us away, and says only, 'I am weary.'"

"He bade me come to him after supper," said Father Antonio. "I will talk with him."

"Do so,—that is right," responded two or three eager voices, as the monk and Agostino, having finished their repast, arose to be conducted to the presence of the father.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ATTACK ON SAN MARCO.

THEY found Savonarola in a large and dimly-lighted apartment, sitting absorbed in contemplation before a picture of the Crucifixion by Fra Angelico; which, whatever might be its defects of drawing and perspective, has an intense earnestness of feeling, and, though faded and dimmed by the lapse of centuries, still stirs in some faint degree even the modern *dilettanti*. In our day such pictures are visited by tourists with red guide-books in their hands, who survey them in the intervals of careless conversation; but they were painted by the devout artist on his knees, weeping and praying as he worked, and the sight of them was accepted by simple-hearted Christians as a perpetual sacrament of the eye. So absorbed was the father in the contemplation of this picture, that he did not hear the approaching footsteps of the knight and monk. When at last they came so near as almost to touch him, he suddenly looked up, his eyes full of tears. He rose, and, pointing with a mute gesture toward the painting, said :

"There is more in that than in all Michael Angelo Buonarrotti hath done yet, though he be a God-fearing youth: more than all the heathen marbles in Lorenzo's gardens. Sit down with me here. I have to come here often, where I can refresh my courage."

The monk and knight seated themselves, the latter with his attention riveted on the remarkable man before him. The lineaments of Savonarola are familiar to us in many paintings and medallions; these, however, fail to impart what must have been the effect of his personal presence, which drew all hearts to him in his day. The knight saw a man of middle age, of elastic, well-knit figure, and a flexibility and grace of motion which seemed to make every nerve, even to his finger-ends, vital with the expression of his soul. The close-shaven crown, and the simple folds of his white Dominican robe, gave a severe and statuesque simplicity to the lines of his figure. His head and face, like those of most of the men of genius whom modern Italy has produced, were so strongly cast in the antique mould as to leave no doubt of the identity of modern Italian blood with that of the great men of ancient Italy. His low, broad forehead, prominent Roman nose, well-cut yet fully outlined lips, and strong, finely-moulded jaw and chin, denoted the old Roman vigour and energy, while the flexible delicacy of the muscles of his face and figure gave an inexpressible fascination to his appearance. Every

emotion and changing thought seemed to flutter and tremble over his countenance as the shadow of leaves over sunny water. His eye had a wonderful dilating power, and when he was excited seemed to emit sparks of light; and the delicate and melodious inflections of his voice were capable of expressing the whole range of human feeling, whether playful and tender or denunciatory and terrible. Yet, when in repose among his friends, he had an almost child-like simplicity and guilelessness of manner, which drew the heart by an irresistible attraction. At this moment it was easy to see by his pale cheek and haggard lines of his face that he had been passing through severe struggles; but his mind seemed staid on some invisible centre, in a solemn and mournful calm.

"Come, tell me something of the good works of the Lord in our Italy, brother," he said, with a smile which was almost playful in its brightness. "You have been through all the lowly places of the land, carrying our Lord's bread to the poor, and repairing and beautifying shrines and altars by the noble gift that is in you."

"Yes, father," replied the monk. "I have had precious seasons of preaching and confessing, and have worked in blessedness many days, restoring and beautifying the holy pictures and statues."

"What think you, brother, are all *these* doing now?" the Superior asked, pointing to the saints in the picture. "They see clearly through our darkness." Then, rising up, he added, solemnly: "Whatever man may say or do, it is enough for me to feel that my dearest Lord and His blessed Mother, and all the holy archangels, the martyrs, and prophets, and apostles, are with me. The end is coming."

At this moment a monk rushed into the room with a face expressive of the utmost terror, and called out,—*"Father, what shall we do? The mob are surrounding the convent! Hark! hear them at the door!"*

In truth, a wild, confused roar of mingled shrieks, cries, and blows came in through the open door; and the sound of approaching footsteps was heard along the cloisters.

"Here come Messer Nicolo de' Lapi, and Francesco Valori!" called out a voice.

The room was soon filled with a confused crowd, consisting of distinguished Florentine citizens, who had gained admittance through a secret passage, and the excited novices and monks.

"The streets outside the convent are packed close with men," cried one of the citizens; "they have stationed guards everywhere to cut off our friends who might come to help us."

"I saw them seize a young man who was quietly walking, singing psalms, and slay him on the steps of the Church of the Innocents," said another; "they cried and hooted, 'No more psalm-singing!'"

"And there's Arnolfo Battista," said a third; "he went out to try to speak to them, and they have killed him."

"Hurry! hurry! barricade the door! arm yourselves!" was the cry from other voices.

"Shall we fight, father? shall we defend ourselves?" cried others, as the monks pressed around their superior.

When the crowd first burst into the room, the face of the superior flushed, and there was a slight movement of surprise; then he seemed to recollect himself, and murmuring, "I expected this, but not so soon," appeared lost in mental prayer. To the agitated inquiries of his flock, he answered, "No, brothers; the weapons of monks must be spiritual, not carnal." Then lifting on high a crucifix, he said, "Come with me, and let us walk in solemn procession to the altar, singing the praises of our God."

The monks, with the instinctive habit of obedience, fell into procession behind their leader, whose voice, clear and strong, was heard raising the psalm, "*Quare fremunt gentes?*"—

"Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?

"The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his Anointed, saying,

"Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us."

"He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision."

As one voice after another took up the chant, the solemn enthusiasm rose and deepened, and all present, whether ecclesiastics or laymen, fell into the procession, and joined in the anthem. Amid the wild uproar, the din and clatter of axes, the thunders of heavy battering implements on the stone walls and portals, came this long-drawn, solemn wave of sound, rising and falling,—now drowned in the savage clamours of the mob, and now bursting out clear and full, like the voices of God's chosen amid the confusion and struggles of all the generations of this mortal life. White-robed and grand the procession moved on, while the pictured saints and angels on the walls seemed to smile calmly down from a golden twilight. The monks passed thus into the sacristy, where with all solemnity and composure they arrayed their father and superior for the last time in his sacramental robes; and then, still chanting, followed him to the high altar, where all bowed in prayer. And still, whenever there was a pause in the stormy uproar and fiendish clamour, might be heard the clear, plaintive uprising of that strange singing: "O Lord, save thy people, and bless thine heritage!"

It needs not to tell in detail what history has told of that tragic night: how the doors at last were forced, and the mob rushed in; how citizens and friends, and many of the monks themselves, their instinct of combativeness overcoming their spiritual beliefs, fought valiantly, and used torches and crucifixes for purposes little contemplated when they were made. Fiercest among the combatants was Agostino, who three times drove back the crowd as they were approaching the choir, where Savonarola and his immediate friends were still praying. Father Antonio, too, seized a sword from the hand of a fallen man, and laid about him with an

impetuosity which would be inexplicable to any who do not know what force there is in gentle natures when the objects of their affections are assailed. The artist monk fought for his master with the blind desperation with which a woman fights over the cradle of her child.

All in vain! Past midnight, and the news comes that artillery is planted to blow down the walls of the convent; then the magistracy, who to this time have lifted not a finger to repress the tumult, send word to Savonarola to surrender himself to them, together with the two most active of his companions, Frà Domenico da Pescia and Frà Silvestro Maruffi, as the only means of averting the destruction of the whole order. They offer him assurances of protection and safe return, which he does not in the least believe: nevertheless, he feels that his hour is come, and gives himself up.

His preparations were all made with a solemn method, which showed that he felt he was approaching the last act in the drama of life. He called together his flock, scattered and forlorn, and gave them his last words of fatherly advice, encouragement, and comfort, ending with the remarkable declaration, "A Christian's life consists in doing good and suffering evil." "I go with joy to this marriage-supper," he said, as he left the church for the last sad preparations. He and his doomed friends then confessed, and received the sacrament; and after that he surrendered himself into the hands of the men who he felt in his prophetic soul had come to take him to torture and to death.

As he gave himself into their hands, he said, "I commend to your care this flock of mine, and these good citizens of Florence who have been with us;" and then, once more turning to his brethren, said, "Doubt not, my brethren. God will not fail to perfect His work. Whether I live or die, He will aid and console you."

At this moment there was a struggle with the attendants in the outer circle of the crowd, and the voice of Father Antonio was heard crying out earnestly, "Do not hold me! I will go with him! I must go with him!" "Son," said Savonarola, "I charge you on your obedience not to come. It is I and Frà Domenico who are to die for the love of Christ." And thus, at the ninth hour of the night, he passed the threshold of San Marco. As he was leaving, a plaintive voice of distress was heard from a young novice who had been peculiarly dear to him, who stretched his hands after him, crying, "Father! father! why do you leave us desolate?" Thereupon he turned back a moment, and said, "God will be your help. If we do not see each other again in this world, we surely shall meet in heaven."

When the party had gone forth, the monks and citizens stood looking into each other's faces, listening with dismay to the howl of wild ferocity that was rising around the departing prisoner.

"What shall we do?" was the outcry from many voices.

"I know what I shall do," said Agostino. "If any man here will find me a fleet horse, I will start for Milan this very hour; for my uncle is

now there on a visit, and he is a Councillor of weight with the King of France : we must get the king to interfere."

"I will go with you," said Father Antonio. "I shall have no rest till I do something."

"And I," quoth Jacopo Niccolini, "will saddle for you, without delay, two horses of part Arabian blood, swift of foot, and easy, and which will travel day and night without sinking."

CHAPTER XXU.

THE CATHEDRAL.

THE rays of the setting sun were imparting even more than their wonted cheerfulness to the airy and bustling streets of Milan. There was the usual rush and roar of busy life which mark the great city, and the display of gay costumes and brilliant trappings proper to a ducal capital, which at that time gave the law to Europe in all matters of taste and elegance, even as Paris does now. It was, in fact, from the reputation of this city in matters of external show that our English term *Milliner* was probably derived; and one might well have believed this, who saw the sweep of the ducal cortège at this moment returning in pomp from the afternoon airing. Such glittering of gold-embroidered mantles, such bewildering confusion of colours, such flashing of jewellery from cap and dagger-hilt and finger-ring, and even from bridle and stirrup, testified that the male sex at this period in Italy were no whit behind the daughters of Eve in that passion for personal adornment which our age is wont to consider exclusively feminine. Indeed, all that was visible to the vulgar eye of this pageant was wholly masculine; though no one doubted that behind the gold-embroidered curtains of the litters which contained the female notabilities of the court still more dazzling wonders might be concealed. Occasionally a white, jewelled hand would draw aside one of these screens, and a pair of eyes brighter than any gems would peer forth; and then there would be tokens of a visible commotion among the plumed and gemmed cavaliers around; one young head would nod to another with jests and quips, and there would be bowing and curvetting and all the antics and caracolings supposable among gay young people on whom the sun shone brightly, and who felt the world going well around them, and deemed themselves the observed of all observers.

Meanwhile, the mute, subservient common people gazed on this gorgeous scene as a part of their daily amusement. Meek dwellers in those dank, noisome caverns, without any opening but a street-door, which are called dwelling-places in Italy, they lived in uninquiring good-nature, contentedly bringing up children on corn-bread, dirty cabbage-stumps, and other garbage, while all they could earn was sucked upward to nourish the extravagance of those upper classes on which they stared with such

blind and ignorant admiration. This was the lot they believed themselves born for, and which every exhortation of their priest taught them to regard as the appointed ordinance of God. The women, to be sure, true to the instinct of their sex, crawled out of the damp and vile-smelling recesses of their homes with solid gold ear-rings shaking in their ears, and their blue-black lustrous hair ornamented with a glittering circle of steel pins or other quaint coiffure. There was sense in all this: for had not even Dukes of Milan been found so condescending and affable as to admire the charms of the fair in the lower orders, whence had come sons and daughters who took rank among princes and princesses? What father, or what husband, could be insensible to prospects of such honour? What priest would not readily absolve such sin? Therefore one might have observed more than one comely, dark-eyed woman, brilliant as some tropical bird in the colours of her peasant dress, who cast coquettish glances towards high places, not unacknowledged by patronizing nods in return, while mothers and fathers looked on in triumph. These were the days for the upper classes: the Church bore them all in her bosom as a tender nursing-mother, and provided for all their little moral peccadilloes with even grandmotherly indulgence, and in return the world was immensely deferential towards the Church; and it was only now and then that some rugged John Baptist, in raiment of camel's hair, like Savonarola, who dared to speak an indecorous word of God's truth in the ear of power. Herod and Herodias had ever at hand the good old recipe for quieting such disturbances: John Baptist was beheaded in prison, and then all the world and all the Scribes and Pharisees applauded; and only a few poor disciples were found to take up the body.

The whole piazza around the great cathedral is at this moment full of the dashing cavalcade of the ducal court, looking as brilliant in the evening light as a field of poppy, corn-flower, and scarlet clover at Sorrento; and there, amid the flutter and rush, the amours and intrigues, the court scandal, the laughing and gibing, the glitter, dazzle, stands a silent witness, that wonderful cathedral. In the great, vain, wicked city, all alive with the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, it seemed to stand as much apart and alone as if it were in the solemn desolation of the Campagna, or in one of the wide deserts of Africa, so little did it appear to belong to the struggling, bustling crowd, who beneath its white, dazzling pinnacles seemed dwarfed into crawling insects. They who could look up from the dizzy, frivolous life below, saw far, far above them, in the blue Italian air, thousands of glorified saints standing on a thousand airy points of brilliant whiteness, ever solemnly adoring. The marble, which below was somewhat soiled with the dust of the street, seemed gradually to refine and brighten as it rose into the purer regions of the air, till at last in those thousand distant pinnacles it had the ethereal translucence of wintry frost-work, and now began to glow with the violet and rose hues of evening, in solemn splendour.

The ducal cortège sweeps by; but we have mounted the dizzy, dark

staircase that leads to the roof, where, amid the bustling life of the city, there is a promenade of still and wondrous solitude. One seems to have ascended in those few moments far beyond the tumult and dust of earthly things, to the silence, the clearness, the tranquillity of ethereal regions. The noise of the rushing tides of life below rises only in a soft and distant murmur; while around, in the wide, clear distance, is spread a prospect which has not on earth its like or its equal. The beautiful plains of Lombardy lie beneath like a map, and the northern horizon-line is glittering with the entire sweep of the Alps, like a solemn senate of archangels with diamond mail and glittering crowns. Mont Blanc, Mont Rosa with his countenance of light, the Jungfrau, and all the weird brothers of the Oberland, rise one after another to the delighted gaze, and the range of the Tyrol melts far off into the blue of the sky. On another side, the Apennines, with their picturesque outlines and cloud-spotted sides, complete the inclosure. All around, wherever the eye turns, is an unbroken phalanx of mountains; and this temple, with its thousand saintly statues standing in attitudes of ecstasy and prayer, seems like a worthy altar and shrine for the beautiful plain which the mountains inclose; it seems to give all Northern Italy to God. Never were Art and Nature so majestically married by Religion in so worthy a temple.

One living being could be discerned standing gazing from a platform on the roof upon the far-distant scene. He was enveloped in the white coarse woollen gown of a Dominican monk, and seemed wholly absorbed in meditating on the scene before him, which appeared to move him deeply. Then the evening worship commenced within the cathedral, and the whole building seemed to vibrate with the rising swell of the great organ, while the grave, long-drawn tones of the Ambrosian liturgy rose surging in waves and dying away in distant murmurs, like the rolling of the tide on some ocean-shore. The monk drew near to the central part of the roof to listen, and as he turned he disclosed the well-known features of Father Antonio. Haggard, weary, and travel-worn, his first impulse, on entering the city, had been to fly to this holy solitude, as the wandering sparrow of sacred song sought her nest amid the altars of God's temple. Artist no less than monk, he found in this wondrous shrine of beauty a repose both for his artistic and his religious nature; and while waiting for Agostino Sarelli to find his uncle's residence, he had determined to pass the interval in this lofty seclusion. Many hours had he paced alone up and down the long promenades of white marble which intersect groves of dazzling pinnacles and flying buttresses of airy lightness. Now he rested in fixed attention against the wall above the choir, which he could feel pulsating with throbs of sacred sound, as if a great warm heart were beating within the fair marble miracle, warming it into mysterious life and sympathy.

"I would now that boy were here to worship with me," he said. "No wonder the child's faith fainteth: it takes such monuments as these of the Church's former days to strengthen one's hopes."

At this moment the form of Agostino was seen ascending the marble staircase. The eye of the monk brightened; he put out one hand eagerly to take his, and held up the other with a gesture of silence.

"Look," he said, "and listen! Is it not the sound as of many waters and mighty thunderings?"

Agostino stood subdued for the moment by the magnificent sights and sounds; for, as the sun descended, the distant mountains grew every moment more unearthly in their brilliancy; and as they lay in a long line, jewelled brightness mingling with the cloud-wreaths of the far horizon, one might have imagined that he in truth beheld the foundations of that celestial city of jasper, pearl, and translucent gold which the Apostle saw, and that the risings and fallings of choral sound which seemed to thrill and pulsate through the marble battlements were indeed that song like many waters sung by the Church Triumphant above.

For a few moments the monk and the young man stood in silence, till at length the monk spoke.

"You have told me, my son, that your heart often troubles you in being more Roman than Christian; that you sometimes doubt whether the Church on earth be other than a fiction or a fable. But look around us. Who are these, this great multitude who praise and pray continually in this temple of the upper air? These are they who have come out of great tribulation, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. These are not the men who have sacked cities, and made deserts, and written their triumphs in blood and carnage. These be men who have sheltered the poor, and built houses for orphans, and sold themselves into slavery to redeem their brothers in Christ. These be pure women who have lodged saints, brought up children, lived holy and prayerful lives. These be martyrs who have laid down their lives for the testimony of Jesus. There were no such churches in old Rome,—no such saints."

"Well," returned Agostino, "one thing is certain. If such be the True Church, the Pope and the Cardinals of our day have no part in it; for they are the men who sack cities and make desolations, 'who devour widows' houses and for a pretence make long prayers.' Let us see one of *them* selling himself into slavery for the love of anybody, while they seek to keep all the world in slavery to themselves!"

"That is the grievous declension our master weeps over," said the monk. "Ah, if the Bishops of the Church now were like brave old Saint Ambrose, strong alone by faith and prayer, showing no more favour to an unrepentant emperor than to the meanest slave, then would the Church be a reality and a glory! Such is my master. Never is he afraid of the face of king or lord, when he has God's truth to speak. You should have heard how plainly he dealt with our Lorenzo de' Medici on his deathbed; how he refused him absolution, unless he would make restitution to the poor and restore the liberties of Florence."

"I should have thought," retorted the young man, sarcastically, "that Lorenzo the Magnificent might have got absolution cheaper than that."

Where were all the bishops in his dominions that he must needs send for Jerome Savonarola?"

"Son, it is ever so," replied the monk. "If there be a man who cares neither for duke nor emperor, but for God alone, then dukes and emperors would give more for his good word than for a dozen of common priests."

"I suppose it is something like a rare manuscript or a singular gem; these *virtuosi* have no rest till they have clutched it: the thing they cannot get is always the thing they want."

"Lorenzo was always seeking our master," said the monk. "Often would he come walking in our gardens, expecting surely the Superior would hasten down to meet him; and the brothers would run to his cell to say, 'Father, Lorenzo is in the garden.' 'He is welcome,' would he answer, with his pleasant smile. 'But, father, will you not descend to meet him?' 'Hath he asked for me?' 'No.' 'Well, then, let us not interrupt his meditations,' he would answer, and remain still at his reading; so jealous was he lest he should seek the favour of princes and forget God, as does all the world in our day."

"And because he does not seek the favour of the men of this world he will be trampled down and slain. Will the God in whom he trusts defend him?"

The monk pointed expressively upward toward the statues that stood glorified above them, still wearing a rosy radiance, though the shadows of twilight had fallen on all the city below.

"My son," he said, "the victories of the true Church are not in Time, but in Eternity. How many around us were conquered on earth that they might triumph in heaven! What saith the Apostle? 'They were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection.'"

"Alas!" exclaimed Agostino, "are we never to see the right triumph here? I fear that this noble name is written in blood, like so many of whom the world is not worthy. Can one do nothing to help it?"

"How is that? What have you heard?" asked the monk, eagerly. "Have you seen your uncle?"

"Not yet; he is gone into the country for a day—so say his servants. When the duke's court passed, I saw my cousin, who is in his train, and got a moment's speech with him; and he promised that, if I would wait for him here, he would come to me as soon as he could be let off from his attendance. When he comes, it were best that we confer alone."

"I will retire to the southern side," said the monk, "and await the end of your conference." With that he crossed the platform on which they were standing, and, going down a flight of white marble steps, was soon lost to view amid the wilderness of frost-like carved work.

He had scarcely vanished before footsteps were heard ascending the marble staircase on the other side, and the sound of a voice humming a popular air of the court. The stranger was a young man about five-and-twenty, habited with all that richness and brilliancy of colouring which the fashion of the day permitted to a young exquisite. His mantle of

purple velvet, falling jauntily off from one shoulder, disclosed a doublet of amber satin, richly embroidered with gold and seed-pearl. The long white plume which drooped from his cap was held in its place by a large diamond, which sparkled like a star in the evening twilight. His finely-moulded hands were loaded with rings, and ruffles of the richest Venetian lace encircled his wrists. He had worn over all a dark cloak with a peaked hood, the usual evening disguise in Italy; but as he gained the top-stair of the platform he threw it carelessly down and gaily offered his hand.

"Good even to you, cousin mine! So you see I am as true to my appointment as if your name were Leonora or Camilla instead of Agostino. How goes it with you? I wanted to talk with you below, but I saw we must have a place without listeners. Our friends the saints are too high in heavenly things to make mischief by eavesdropping."

"Thank you, cousin Carlos, for your promptness. And now to the point. Did your father, my uncle, get the letter I wrote him about a month since?"

"He did; and he bade me treat with you about it. It's an abominable snare this they have got you into. My father says, your best way is to come straight to him in France, and abide till things take a better turn; he is high in favour with the King, and can find you a very pretty place at court, and he takes upon him in time to reconcile the Pope. Between you and me, the old Pope has no special spite in the world against *you*: he merely wants your lands for his son; and as long as you prowl round and lay claim to them, why, you must stay excommunicated; but just clear the coast and leave them peaceably, and he will put you back into the true Church, and my father will charge himself with your success. Popes don't last for ever, or there may come another falling out with the King of France, and either way there will be a chance of your being one day put back into your rights; meanwhile, a young fellow might do worse than have a good place in our court."

During this long monologue, which the young speaker uttered with all the flippant self-sufficiency of worldly people with whom the world is going well, the face of the young nobleman who listened presented a picture of many strong contending emotions.

"You speak," he said, "as if man had nothing to do in this world but seek his own ease and pleasure. What lies nearest my heart is not that I am plundered of my estates and my house uprooted, but it is that my beautiful Rome, the city of my fathers, is a prisoner under the heel of the tyrant. It is that the glorious religion of Christ, the holy faith in which my mother died, the faith made venerable by all these saints around us, is made the tool and instrument of such vileness and cruelty that one is tempted to doubt whether it were not better to have been born of heathen in the good old times of the Roman republic,—God forgive me for saying so! Does the Most Christian King of France know that the man who pretends to rule in the name of Christ is not a believer in the Christian religion,—that he does not believe even in a God,—that he obtained the

holy seat by simony,—that he uses all its powers to enrich a brood of children whose lives are so indecent that it is a shame to modest lips even to *say* what they do? Shall we let infidels have the very house of the Lord, and reign supreme in His holy dwelling-place? There has risen a holy prophet in Italy, the greatest since the time of Saint Francis, and his preaching hath stirred all hearts to live more conformably with our holy faith; and now for his pure life and good works he is under excommunication of the Pope, and they have seized and imprisoned him, and threaten his life."

"Oh, you mean Savonarola," said the other.

"Have you heard," asked Agostino, "of a letter which he wrote to the King of France lately, stirring him up to call a General Council of the Christian Church, to consider what is to be done about the scandals at Rome?"

"Oh, he has written one, has he?" replied the young man; "then the story that I have heard whispered about here must be true. A man who certainly is in a condition to know, told me the day before yesterday that the duke had arrested a courier with some such letter and sent it on to the Pope: it is likely, for the duke hates Savonarola. If that be true it will go hard with him yet; for the Pope has a long arm for an enemy."

"The city of Florence has stood by him until lately," said Agostino—"and would again, with a little help."

"Oh, no! never think it, my dear Agostino! Depend upon it, it will end as such things always do; and the man is only a madman who undertakes it. What have *you* to do with this man? Why do you attach yourself to the side that is *sure* to lose? This is no way to mend your fortunes. Come to-night to my father's palace: the duke has appointed us princely lodgings, and treats us with great hospitality, and my father has plans for your advantage. Between us, there is a fair young ward of his, of large estates and noble blood, whom he designs for you. So you see, if you turn your attention in this channel, there may come a reinforcement of the family property, which will enable you to hold out until the Pope dies, or some prince or other gets into a quarrel with him, which is always happening; and then a move may be made for you."

Agostino stood silent, with the melancholy air of a man who has much to say, and is deeply moved by considerations which he perceives it would be utterly idle and useless to attempt to explain. If the easy theology of his friend were indeed true—if holiness of heart and life, and all those nobler modes of living and being which were witnessed in the histories of the thousand saints around him, were indeed but a secondary thing in the strife for worldly place and territory,—what, then, remained for the man of ideas, of aspirations? In such a state of society, his track must be like that of the dove in sacred history who found no rest for the sole of her foot.

Agostino folded his arms and sighed deeply, and then made answer mechanically, as one whose thoughts are afar off,—

"Present my duty," he said, "to my uncle, your father, and say to him that I will wait on him to-night."

"Even so," replied the young man, picking up his cloak and folding it about him. "And now, you know, I must go. Don't be discouraged; keep up a good heart; you shall see what it is to have powerful friends to stand by you. All will be right yet. Come, will you go with me now?"

"Thank you," answered Agostino; "I think I would be alone a little while. My head is confused, and I would fain think over matters a little quietly."

"Well, then, I must leave you to the company of the saints. But be sure and come early."

"So saying, he threw his cloak over his shoulder and sauntered carelessly down the marble steps, humming again the gay air with which he had ascended.

Left alone, Agostino once more cast a glance on the strangely solemn and impressive scene around him. He was standing on a platform of the central tower which overlooked the whole building. The round, full moon had now risen in the horizon, displacing, by her solemn brightness, the glow of twilight; her beams were reflected by the delicate frost-work of the myriad pinnacles which rose in a bewildering maze at his feet. It might seem to be some strange enchanted garden of fairy-land, where a luxuriant and freakish growth of nature had been suddenly arrested and frozen into eternal stillness. Around in the shadows at the foot of the cathedral the lights of the great gay city twinkled and danced, and veered and fluttered like fire-flies in the damp dewy shadows of some moist meadow in summer. The sound of clattering hoofs and passing carriages, of tinkling guitars and gay roundelays, rose out of that obscure distance, seeming far off and plaintive like the dream of a life that is passed. The great church seemed a vast world; the long aisles of statued pinnacles, with their pure floorings of white marble, appeared as if they might be the corridors of heaven; and it seemed as if the crowned and sceptred saints in their white marriage garments might come down and walk there, without ever a spot of earth on their unsullied whiteness.

In a few moments Father Antonio had glided back to the side of the young man, whom he found so lost in reverie that not till he laid his hand upon his arm did he awaken from his meditations.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, with a start, "my father, is it you?"

"Yes, my son. What of your conference? Have you learned anything?"

"Father, I have learned far more than I wished to know."

"What is it, my son? Speak it at once."

"Well, then, I fear that the letter of our holy father to the King of France has been intercepted here in Milan, and sent to the Pope."

"What makes you think so?" asked the monk, with an eagerness that showed how much he felt the intelligence.

"My cousin tells me that a person of consideration in the duke's household, who is supposed to be in a position to know, told him that it was so."

Agostino felt the light grasp which the monk had laid upon his arm gradually closing with a convulsive pressure, and that he was trembling with intense feeling.

"Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight!" he exclaimed, after a few moments of silence.

"It is discouraging," said Agostino, "to see how little these princes care for the true interests of religion and the service of God—how little real fealty there is to our Lord Jesus."

"Yes," the monk asserted, "all seek their own, and not the things that are Christ's. It is well written, 'Put not your trust in princes.'"

"And what prospect, what hope do you see for him?" asked Agostino. "Will Florence stand firm?"

"I could have thought so once," replied the monk; "in those days when I have seen councillors and nobles and women of the highest degree all humbly craving to hear the word of God from his lips, and seeming to seek nothing so much as to purify their house, their hands, and their hearts, that they might be worthy citizens of that commonwealth which has chosen the Lord Jesus for its gonfalonier. I have seen the very children thronging to kiss the hem of his robe, as he walked through the streets; but oh, my friend, did not Jerusalem bring palms and spread its garments in the way of Christ only four days before he was crucified?"

The monk's voice here faltered. He turned away and seemed to wrestle with a tempest of suppressed sobbing. A moment more, he looked heavenward, and pointing up with a smile, spoke thus:

"Son, you ask *what hope there is*. I answer, There is hope of such crowns as these wear who came out of great tribulation and now reign with Christ in glory."

Roundabout Papers.—No. XIX.

ON HALF A LOAF.

A Letter to Messrs. Broadway, Battery and Co., of New York, Bankers.



S it all over? May we lock up the case of instruments? Have we signed our wills; settled up our affairs; pretended to talk and rattle quite cheerfully to the women at dinner, so that they should not be alarmed; sneaked away under some pretext, and looked at the children sleeping in their beds with their little unconscious thumbs in their mouths, and a

flush on the soft-pillowed cheek; made every arrangement with Colonel MacTurk, who acts as our second, and knows the other principal a great deal too well to think he will ever give in; invented a monstrous figment about going to shoot pheasants with Mac in the morning, so as to soothe the anxious fears of the dear mistress of the house; early as the hour appointed for the—the little affair—was, have we been awake hours and hours sooner; risen before daylight, with a faint hope, perhaps, that MacTurk might have come to some arrangement with the other side; at seven o'clock (confound his punctuality!) heard his cab-wheel at the door, and let him in looking perfectly trim, fresh, jolly, and well shaved; driven off with him in the cold morning, after a very unsatisfactory breakfast of coffee and stale bread-and-butter (which choke, somehow, in the swallowing); driven off to Wormwood

Scrubs in the cold, muddy, misty, moonshiny morning ; stepped out of the cab, where Mac has bid the man to halt on a retired spot in the common ; in one minute more, seen another cab arrive, from which descend two gentlemen, one of whom has a case like MacTurk's under his arm ;—looked round and round the solitude, and seen not one single sign of a policeman—no, no more than in a row in London ;—deprecatd the horrible necessity which drives civilized men to the use of powder and bullet ;—taken ground as firmly as may be, and looked on whilst Mac is neatly loading his weapons ; and when all ready, and one looked for the decisive One, Two, Three—have we even heard Captain O'Toole (the second of the other principal) walk up, and say : “ Colonel MacTurk, I am desired by my principal to declare at this eleventh—this twelfth hour, that he is willing to own that he sees HE HAS BEEN WRONG in the dispute which has arisen between him and your friend ; that he apologizes for offensive expressions which he has used in the heat of the quarrel ; and regrets the course he has taken ? ” If something like this has happened to you, however great your courage, you have been glad not to fight ;—however accurate your aim, you have been pleased not to fire.

On the sixth day of January in this year sixty-two, what hundreds of thousands—I may say, what millions of Englishmen, were in the position of the personage here sketched—Christian men, I hope, shocked at the dreadful necessity of battle ; aware of the horrors which the conflict must produce, and yet feeling that the moment was come, and that there was no arbitrament left but that of steel and cannon ! My reader, perhaps, has been in America. If he has, he knows what good people are to be found there ; how polished, how generous, how gentle, how courteous. But it is not the voices of these you hear in the roar of hate, defiance, folly, falsehood, which comes to us across the Atlantic. You can't hear gentle voices ; very many who could speak are afraid. Men must go forward, or be crushed by the maddened crowd behind them. I suppose after the perpetration of that act of—what shall we call it ?—of sudden war, which Wilkes did, and Everett approved, most of us believed that battle was inevitable. Who has not read the American papers for six weeks past ? Did you ever think the United States Government would give up those Commissioners ? I never did, for my part. It seems to me the United States Government have done the most courageous act of the war. Before that act was done, what an excitement prevailed in London ! In every Club there was a parliament sitting in permanence : in every domestic gathering this subject was sure to form a main part of the talk. Of course I have seen many people who have travelled in America, and heard them on this matter—friends of the South, friends of the North, friends of peace, and American stockholders in plenty.—“ They will never give up the men, sir,” that was the opinion on all sides ; and, if they would not, we knew what was to happen.

For weeks past this nightmare of war has been riding us. The City

was already gloomy enough. When a great domestic grief and misfortune visits the chief person of the State, the heart of the people, too, is sad and awe-stricken. It might be this sorrow and trial were but presages of greater trials and sorrow to come. What if the sorrow of war is to be added to the other calamity? Such forebodings have formed the theme of many a man's talk, and darkened many a fireside. Then came the rapid orders for ships to arm and troops to depart. How many of us have had to say farewell to friends whom duty called away with their regiments; on whom we strove to look cheerfully, as we shook their hands, it might be for the last time; and whom our thoughts depicted, treading the snows of the immense Canadian frontier, where their intrepid little band might have to face the assaults of other enemies than winter and rough weather! I went to a play one night, and protest I hardly know what was the entertainment which passed before my eyes. In the next stall was an American gentleman, who knew me. "Good heavens, sir," I thought, "is it decreed that you and I are to be authorized to murder each other next week; that my people shall be bombarding your cities, destroying your navies, making a hideous desolation of your coast; that our peaceful frontiers shall be subject to fire, rapine, and murder?" "They will never give up the men," said the Englishman. "They will never give up the men," said the American. And the Christmas piece which the actors were playing proceeded like a piece in a dream. To make the grand comic performance doubly comic, my neighbour presently informed me how one of the best friends I had in America—the most hospitable, kindly, amiable of men, from whom I had twice received the warmest welcome and the most delightful hospitality—was a prisoner in Fort Warren, on charges by which his life perhaps might be risked. I think that was the most dismal Christmas fun which these eyes ever looked on.

Carry out that notion a little farther, and depict ten thousand, a hundred thousand homes in England saddened by the thought of the coming calamity, and oppressed by the pervading gloom. My next-door neighbour perhaps has parted with her son. Now the ship in which he is, with a thousand brave comrades, is ploughing through the stormy midnight ocean. Presently (under the flag we know of) the thin red line in which her boy forms a speck, is winding its way through the vast Canadian snows. Another neighbour's boy is not gone, but is expecting orders to sail; and some one else, besides the circle at home maybe, is in prayer and terror, thinking of the summons which calls the young sailor away. By firesides modest and splendid, all over the three kingdoms, that sorrow is keeping watch, and myriads of hearts beating with that thought, "Will they give up the men?"

I don't know how, on the first day after the capture of the Southern Commissioners was announced, a rumour got abroad in London that the taking of the men was an act according to law, of which our nation could take no notice. It was said that the law authorities had so declared, and a very noble testimony to the *loyalty* of Englishmen, I think, was

shown by the instant submission of high-spirited gentlemen, most keenly feeling that the nation had been subject to a coarse outrage, who were silent when told that the law was with the aggressor. The relief which presently came, when, after a pause of a day, we found that law was on our side, was indescribable. The nation *might* then take notice of this insult to its honour. Never were people more eager than ours when they found they had a right to reparation.

I have talked during the last week with many English holders of American securities, who, of course, have been aware of the threat held over them. "England," says the *New York Herald*, "cannot afford to go to war with us, for six hundred millions worth of American stock is owned by British subjects, which, in event of hostilities, would be confiscated; and we now call upon the Companies not to take it off their hands on any terms. *Let its forfeiture be held over England as a weapon in terrorem.* British subjects have two or three hundred millions of dollars invested in shipping and other property in the United States. All this property, together with the stocks, would be seized, amounting to nine hundred millions of dollars. Will England incur this tremendous loss for a mere abstraction?"

Whether "a mere abstraction" here means the abstraction of the two Southern Commissioners from under our flag, or the abstract idea of injured honour, which seems ridiculous to the *Herald*, it is needless to ask. I have spoken with many men who have money invested in the States, but I declare I have not met one English gentleman whom the publication of this threat has influenced for a moment. Our people have nine hundred millions of dollars invested in the United States, have they? And the *Herald* "calls upon the Companies" not to take any of this debt off our hands. Let us, on our side, entreat the English press to give this announcement every publicity. Let us do everything in our power to make this "call upon the Americans" well known in England. I hope English newspaper editors will print it, and print it again and again. It is not we who say this of American citizens, but American citizens who say this of themselves. 'Bull is odious. We can't bear Bull. He is haughty, arrogant, a braggart, and a blusterer; and we can't bear brag and bluster in our modest and decorous country. We hate Bull, and if he quarrels with us on a point in which we are in the wrong, we have goods of his in our custody, and we will rob him!' Suppose your London banker saying to you, "Sir, I have always thought your manners disgusting, and your arrogance insupportable. You dare to complain of my conduct because I have wrongfully imprisoned Jones? My answer to your vulgar interference is, that I confiscate your balance!"

What would be an English merchant's character after a few such transactions? It is not improbable that the moralists of the *Herald* would call him a rascal. Why have the United States been paying seven, eight, ten per cent. for money for years past, when the same commodity can be got elsewhere at half that rate of interest? Why, because though among

the richest proprietors in the world, creditors were not sure of them. So the States have had to pay eighty millions yearly for the use of money which would cost other borrowers but thirty. Add up this item of extra interest alone for a dozen years, and see what a prodigious penalty the States have been paying for repudiation here and there, for sharp practice, for doubtful credit. Suppose the peace is kept between us, the remembrance of this last threat alone will cost the States millions and millions more. If they must have money, we must have a greater interest to insure our jeopardised capital. Do American Companies want to borrow money—as want to borrow they will? Mr. Brown, show the gentlemen that extract from the *New York Herald*, which declares that the United States will confiscate private property in event of a war. As the country newspapers say, "Please, country papers, copy this paragraph." And, gentlemen in America, when the honour of *your* nation is called in question, please to remember that it is the American press which glories in announcing that you are prepared to be rogues.

And when this war has drained uncounted hundreds of millions more out of the United States exchequer, will they be richer or more inclined to pay debts, or less willing to evade them, or more popular with their creditors, or more likely to get money from men whom they deliberately announce that they will cheat? I have not followed the *Herald* on the "stone-ship" question—that great naval victory appears to me not less horrible and wicked than suicidal. Block the harbours for ever; destroy the inlets of the commerce of the world; perish cities,—so that we may wreak an injury on them. It is the talk of madmen, but not the less wicked. The act injures the whole Republic: but it is perpetrated. It is to deal harm to ages hence; but it is done. The Indians of old used to burn women and their unborn children. This stone-ship business is Indian warfare. And it is performed by men who tell us every week that they are at the head of civilization, and that the Old World is decrepit, and cruel, and barbarous as compared to theirs.

The same politicians who throttle commerce at its neck, and threaten to confiscate trust-money, say that when the war is over and the South is subdued, then the turn of the old country will come, and a direful retribution shall be taken for our conduct. This has been the cry all through the war. "We should have conquered the South," says an American paper which I read this very day, "but for England." Was there ever such puling heard from men who have an army of a million, and who turn and revile a people who have stood as aloof from their contest as we have from the war of Troy? Or is it an outcry made with malice prepense? And is the song of the *New York Times* a variation of the *Herald* tune?—"The conduct of the British, in folding their arms and taking no part in the fight, has been so base that it has caused the prolongation of the war, and occasioned a prodigious expense on our part. Therefore, as we have British property in our hands, we &c. &c." The lamb troubled the water dreadfully, and the wolf in a righteous indignation "confiscated" him.

Of course we have heard that at an undisturbed time Great Britain would never have dared to press its claim for redress. Did the United States wait until we were at peace with France before they went to war with us last? Did Mr. Seward yield the claim which he confesses to be just, until he himself was menaced with war? How long were the Southern gentlemen kept in prison? What caused them to be set free? and did the Cabinet of Washington see its error before or after the demand for redress? * The captor was feasted at Boston, and the captives in prison hard by. If the wrong-doer was to be punished, it was Captain Wilkes who ought to have gone into limbo. At any rate, as "the Cabinet of Washington could not give its approbation to the commander of the *San Jacinto*," why were the men not sooner set free? To sit at the Tremont House, and hear the captain after dinner give his opinion on international law, would have been better sport for the prisoners than the grim *salle-à-manger* at Fort Warren.

I read in the commercial news brought by the *Teutonia*, and published in London on the present 13th January, that the pork market was generally quiet on the 29th December last; that lard, though with more activity, was heavy and decidedly lower; and at Philadelphia, whisky is steady and stocks firm. Stocks are firm: that is a comfort for the English holders, and the confiscating process recommended by the *Herald* is at least deferred. But presently comes an announcement which is not quite so cheering:—"The Saginaw Central Railway Company (let us call it) has postponed its January dividend on account of the disturbed condition of public affairs."

A la bonne heure. The bond and share holders of the Saginaw must look for loss and depression in times of war. This is one of war's dreadful taxes and necessities; and all sorts of innocent people must suffer by the misfortune. The corn was high at Waterloo when a hundred and fifty thousand men came and trampled it down on a Sabbath morning. There was no help for that calamity, and the Belgian farmers lost their crops for the year. Perhaps I am a farmer myself—an innocent *colonus*; and instead of being able to get to church with my family, have to see

* "At the beginning of December the British fleet on the West Indian station mounted 850 guns, and comprised five liners, ten first-class frigates, and seventeen powerful corvettes. . . . In little more than a month the fleet available for operations on the American shore had been more than doubled. The reinforcements prepared at the various dockyards included two line-of-battle ships, twenty-nine magnificent frigates—such as the *Shannon*, the *Sutlej*, the *Euryalus*, the *Orlando*, the *Galatea*; eight corvettes, armed like the frigates in part, with 100- and 40- pounder Armstrong guns; and the two tremendous iron-cased ships, the *Warrior* and the *Black Prince*; and their smaller sisters, the *Resistance* and the *Defence*. There was work to be done which might have delayed the commission of a few of these ships for some weeks longer; but if the United States had chosen war instead of peace, the blockade of their coasts would have been supported by a steam fleet of more than sixty splendid ships, armed with 1,800 guns, many of them of the heaviest and most effective kind."—*Saturday Review*: Jan. 11.

squadrons of French dragoons thundering upon my barley, and squares of English infantry forming and trampling all over my oats. (By the way, in writing of "Panics," an ingenious writer in the *Atlantic Magazine* says that the British panics at Waterloo were frequent and notorious.) Well, I am a Belgian peasant, and I see the British running away and the French cutting the fugitives down. What have I done that these men should be kicking down my peaceful harvest for me, on which I counted to pay my rent, to feed my horses, my household, my children? It is hard. But it is the fortune of war. But suppose the battle over; the Frenchman says, "You scoundrell! why did you not take a part with me? and why did you stand like a double-faced traitor looking on? I should have won the battle but for you. And I hereby confiscate the farm you stand on, and you and your family may go to the workhouse."

The New York press holds this argument over English people *in terrorem*. 'We Americans may be ever so wrong in the matter in dispute, but if you push us to a war, we will confiscate your English property.' Very good. It is peace now. Confidence of course is restored between us. Our eighteen hundred peace commissioners have no occasion to open their mouths; and the little question of confiscation is postponed. Messrs. Battery, Broadway and Co., of New York, have the kindness to sell my Saginaws for what they will fetch. I shall lose half my loaf very likely; but for the sake of a quiet life, let us give up a certain quantity of farinaceous food; and half a loaf, you know, is better than no bread at all.



A LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

